THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Birthday Honours

George V, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, and Emperor of India, has been pleased to make certain appointments on the occasion of the day set apart for the celebration of his late father's birthday. In these appointments we find letters represented in the person of Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, who has been lifted to the dignity of knighthood. England's literary knights are now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Meanwhile, another gentleman, who has been of some service to English letters, remains plain Mr. Kipling of Rottingdean.

A Whistler Bibliography

What we may regard as the first separate bibliography of the late James Abbott McNeill Whistler has been compiled by Mr. Don C. Seitz, the business manager of the New York *World*. Although Mr. Seitz does not contend that it is complete in all particulars, it is an exceedingly attractive little volume and is well worth the attention of all followers of Whistleriana. In the preface there is an account of the origin of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* which seems new. According to Mr. Seitz, neither the idea nor the title of that widely discussed book was Whistler's. The idea came from the ingenious mind of Mr. Sheridan Ford, an American journalist, poet and critic, who was in London in the late 'eighties, writing for the Bacheller Syndicate. He formed the acquaintance of Whistler, and the fortunes of both being at a low ebb, it occurred to Mr. Ford that the letters and talks of the artist might be put together in an interesting book, to their mutual advantage. Mr. Whistler showed but languid interest in the work. Mrs. Whistler encouraged the editor and finally aroused some attention on the part of the artist.

WHISTLER. AN IMPRESSION BY GARDNER TEALL

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The inevitable break did not come until Mr. Whistler, in going over the completed book, ordered a letter from Oscar Wilde, which replied to Whistler's charge of plagiarism, omitted. In plain terms the letter accused the artist of lying. Mr. Ford thought it unfair to omit the letter, and Whistler's sharp refusal to permit its retention led to a violent quarrel, with threatened fisticuffs, which ended with Mr. Ford's departing with the copy, determining to issue it on his own responsibility. A London publishing house put it into type, but when they learned that Mr. Whistler objected, they declined to proceed with its publication. Mr. Ford took the book to Antwerp. Originally it had borne the title of *The Correspondence of James McNeill Whistler*. The Antwerp printer objected to so poor a name and was invited by the compiler to pick a better one if he could. This he did very promptly. Pointing to a paragraph in the introduction, reading: "This collection of letters and miscellany covers something over a quarter of a century, from 1862 to the present year. It illustrates the gentle art of making enemies, and is in part the record of some unpleasantness between the Brush and Pen"—he said: "There's your title. Don't use this other thing."

Two thousand copies were struck off before the irate artist caused the confiscation of both forms and paper. But the undaunted Mr. Ford retreated to Ghent, where he found another English printer who agreed to compose and print the book in three days. The one thousand francs capital brought from London to Antwerp had been exhausted, but Mr. Ford's watch and jewelry remained and were given as security for five hundred francs at a friendly pawnshop! The sum was enough to insure the printer and the book came out on time and eluded Whistler. It bore this title: *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies,* edited by Sheridan Ford, Paris Delabrosse & Cie, 1890." It carried this dedication: "To all good comrades who like a fair field and no quarter these pages are peacefully inscribed." In his introduction Ford made the comment: "I commend the book to Mr. Whistler's enemies, with the soothing assurance that if each of them purchase a copy the edition will be exhausted in a week."

The enemity engendered between Whistler and Ford by these episodes became permanent, and the latter in his *Art of Folly* embalmed the painter thus:

One "Jimmie" Whistler, noted for his bile,
His backstair methods and amazing style,
Said, once upon a time, in lewd dispraise,
That Art herself was on the Town these days.
A senile fancy, sired of shallow wit,
And, like its author, tainted and unfit;
Serving to prove the looseness of the clown
Who should have said himself was on the Town.

British Ways

The London *Academy,* which is edited by Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, a fact which is attested by very big black type on the cover of every issue, has, at the head of its editorial column, the usual notice to the effect that "The editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope." There follows the very curious line, "The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article." What in the name of Johannes Gutenberg does?

Mr. Shorter Protests

Mr. Clement K. Shorter has had an experience with the American interviewer and is moved to a spirit of protest. A writer of a daily column on the editorial page of a New York newspaper called on Mr. Shorter, and as a result of the visit wrote for his paper a homily on what he called the British sense of complaisant self-superiority. These are the words:

BRITISH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Tip spent a pleasant half-hour chatting with C. S. of *The Sphere* and the recognised authority on the life and writings of Charlotte Brontë. Just before Tip came away the telephone bell rang. S. spoke a few words into the transmitter and hung up the receiver. "How does that impress you?" he asked. "I have just been talking all the way to . . . in the suburbs." Tip did not crack a smile, because it was not his first taste of the British

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sense of complacent self-superiority. Thus Tip an hour before had been in tow of an official in Lloyd's, the place where they insure everything from a ship to a polo pony. The official and Tip squeezed into an elevator. "This is a lift, you know," said the official proudly. "I have just found that out," said Tip, straightening himself and smashing his hat against his side.

"As every newspaper office in London as well as in New York," comments Mr. Shorter, "is in the habit day by day of receiving communications by telephone from distances of two hundred or three hundred miles, it is obvious that the writer merely showed his own lack of intelligence in his communication. One is reminded of Carlyle's comment upon the adage that 'No man is a hero to his valet' to the effect that 'That is more often the fault of the valet than the hero.'"

Napoleon in Caricature

Another contribution to Napoleonic literature is Mr. A. M. Broadley's volume, *Napoleon in Caricature, 1795-1821*, which is announced for publication in England. It is estimated that in the twenty years from Napoleon's rise to his eclipse after Waterloo over three thousand caricatures of the great emperor were produced. While this is the first English book ever published on the subject there has long been in existence a very adequate French volume, written, we think, by M. Armand Dayot and entitled *Napoleon Raconté par l'Image*.

West of Suez

In the May issue of the *American Magazine* there appeared a story by John Fleming Wilson, entitled "In the Hour of His Youth," that had quite an unusual quality. In a way it was an answer to Mr. Kipling's "Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst." The tale begins with three men sitting in caned chairs in the heart of the romantic and disreputable East. One of the three is moved to reminiscence and tells of a period in his life when he really lived. It was in the hour of his youth, when he spent a year farming with an uncle in New Jersey, "the finest country in the world." There, near a station called Cranberry, in a house which lay in the angle of two smooth hills, with a stone fence about it, and iron pots on the lawn filled with flowers, and the brown of the fallen apples dotting the orchard grass Mahone played out his romance. "Strange air to breathe!" comments Mahone in telling the tale, "out here we get a mixture of smells—thick, hot, choking.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON

But in New Jersey the air is cold, bright and odourless, except where an apple pit sends up its perfume, or the hedgerow is in late bloom; and then you smell that faint, queer, fine scent of God's country." We are not going to tell the story. We refer to it as a tale well worth reading. We do not think Mr. Wilson is conscious of the fact, but we are reasonably sure that "In the Hour of His Youth" came to be written because twenty years earlier Rudyard Kipling wrote a story entitled "On Greenhow Hill."

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Montague Glass

We shall not go so far as to indorse the opinion that the Perlmutter and Potash stories of Jewish business life which have been appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* added a quarter of a million to the circulation of that periodical. But that they were a very positive success is settled beyond all doubt. They are now out in book form, and a review of the book will be found elsewhere in this issue. We are curious to see whether the book will duplicate the success of the series. There have been many precedents, but they offer no absolute solution.

Mr. Glass was born in Manchester, England, in 1877. His father, James David Glass, was born in Russia and went to Belfast, Ireland, when a boy. Fifty years ago the elder Glass established a linen industry now conducted in Belfast and New York by Montague Glass's brothers. It is rather consistent that Montague Glass should have taken the cloak and suit salesroom for the setting of his stories, because his mother's grandfather originated the ready-made clothing business in London at the end of the eighteenth century. Montague Glass was educated in St. Luke's and the Manchester grammar school, and came

MONTAGUE GLASS

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to the United States at the age of fourteen. Settling in New York, he attended the City College and New York University. After his admission to the bar Mr. Glass engaged in the practice of bankruptcy and real estate law as an associate of an old practitioner who had for his clients many of the Jewish merchants of the city. By contact with these men he picked up the vast amount of material and colour which he has employed in telling of the adventures of Potash and Perlmutter.

Goldwin Smith's Estate

The *British Weekly* estimates the estate left by the late Goldwin Smith at about two hundred thousand pounds. When he went to Toronto nearly forty years ago he deposited nearly one hundred thousand pounds in the banks, and he was fortunate in his subsequent investments. He did his best to help those who were helping themselves. Especially he helped people in moderate circumstances to buy homes of their own, lending to within ten pounds of the actual purchase price of the houses they were buying. He never lost a dollar by his conscientious adherence to the idea of lending money at low rates of interest to genuine home-buyers.

Relative Ages

One feature of Justus Miles Forman's novel, *Bianca's Daughter,* which was reviewed in our July issue, seems to have made a decided impression on the English reviewers. The story hangs upon the devotion of two men to a girl of twenty or twenty-one years of age. One is a man of forty, the other a man of twenty-five. The writer assumes throughout that it is inconsistent with romance that the man of forty should succeed in winning the girl's affections. C. K. S. writing in the London *Sphere* makes the comment that this aspect of the novel will make all his bachelor friends quite uncomfortable. He calls Mr. Forman's attention to the fact that in England the age for marriage among men has considerably increased, and quotes the theory of the late Mr. Locker Lampson as set forth in his little volume entitled *Patchwork*.

I have a well-considered opinion as to the proper ages for man and wife. A wife should be half the age of her husband *with seven years added.* Thus, if the gentleman is twenty, his wife should be seventeen. If he is thirty-six, she should be twenty-five; and so on. No lady of the ripe age of fifty-seven has a right to indulge in the luxury of a spouse who (even though he may not be a magnificent ruin) is less than a century.

August F. Jaccaci

We have long wished to say something about Mr. August F. Jaccaci, who for so many years has held an unusual place in the New York world of art, letters, and business. The opportunity comes with the appearance of a handsomely printed brochure in which Mr. Jaccaci announces the readiness of the first volume of his *Noteworthy Paintings in American Private Collections.* Planned to be completed in fifteen volumes, at a cost to the subscribers of $15,000 a set, this work, which apparently aims to be not only a *catalogue raisonnée* of the private pictorial wealth of this country, but an encyclopedia of the great art of the world, was begun by Mr. Jaccaci in association with Mr. John Lafarge in 1903. In a sense Mr. Jaccaci's whole life has been a preparation for this undertaking, which involves the collaboration of the leading authorities in art here and abroad. His acquaintance with painters, critics, and collectors in all countries has been extraordinarily wide. He could repeat with Stendhal "Je viens de Cosmopolis," for he is a true cosmopolitan. Not an American by birth, but a loyal American citizen and by preference a resident of the United States, he is, at the same time, as completely at home in the art capitals of Europe as he is in his New York club or in his New York offices.

There are few parts of the world—outside of the Far East—that Mr. Jaccaci has not visited, especially in his earlier days, in pursuit of his joint professions of art and letters. He spent much time in North Africa painting and writing in the Hinterland of Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco, following and going beyond Fromentin's routes through the Sahara.

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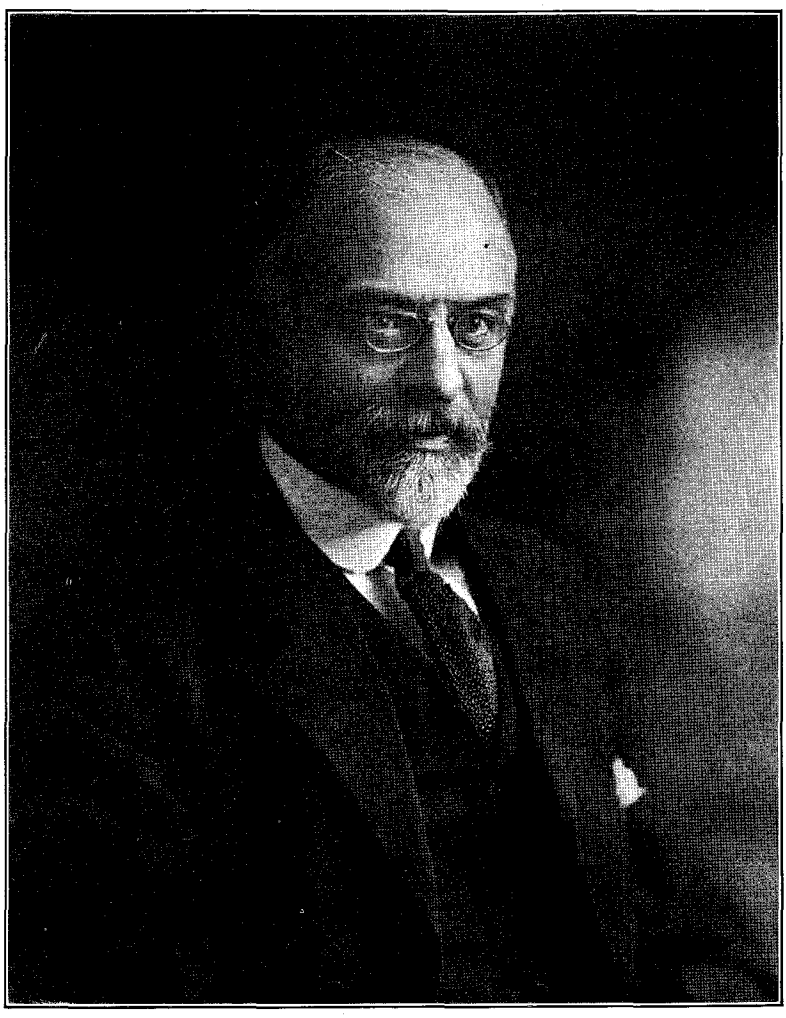

AUGUST F. JACCACI

He had the rare experience of living for more than a year among the wandering Bedouins of the desert with never a sight of a white man, a village, or even a mud hut. Among his interesting expeditions, and the most fruitful from a literary point of view, was that which he made to Spain, and the records of which are contained in his book, *On the Trail of Don Quixote*. His friend, the artist, Daniel Vierge, was to accompany him on this trip, but fell sick at the last moment and was obliged to go over the same ground by himself later to make the sketches with which the book is illustrated. A larger edition was brought out in Paris some years ago with the title *Au Pays de Don Quichotte*. Coming to New York from the Northwest in the 'eighties, Mr. Jaccaci became associated with Mr. John S. Phillips and S. S. McClure, the "Three Musketeers," as Mr. McClure called them, who founded *McClure's Magazine*.

McCutcheon on T. R.

We confess to just a little disappointment in Mr. John T. McCutcheon's *T. R. in Cartoons*. With the memory of *Cartoons by McCutcheon*, *More Cartoons by McCutcheon* and *Bird Centre Cartoons*, a new book by

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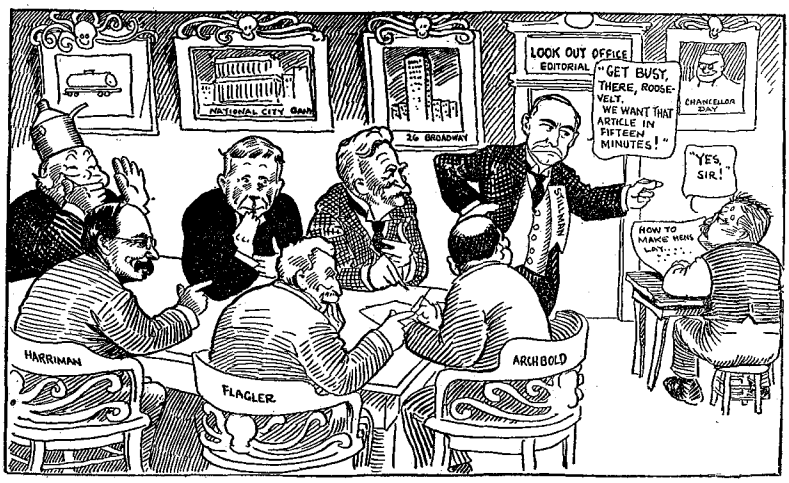
Mr. McCutcheon has come to be regarded as something of an event. The pictures which make up the present volume are unquestionably good and amusing, but they seem to lack somehow that individual note which has hitherto been characteristic of Mr. McCutcheon's work. Here the artist is quite obscured by his subject. Perhaps Roosevelt in caricature can never adequately be treated by any one cartoonist. It is a theme that calls for the work of the best cartoonists of all the civilised world. We hope that M. Jean Grand-Carteret will include our former President in that excellent series in which *Lui* and *L'Oncle de l'Europe,* dealing with the Emperor William and the late Edward VII, respectively, have already appeared, and *Cleopold,* and *Le Jeune Premier de l'Europe* (the late Leopold of Belgium, and Alfonso of Spain) have been announced.

WHEN MR. ROOSEVELT WORKS FOR A STANDARD OIL PUBLICATION—WILL IT BE



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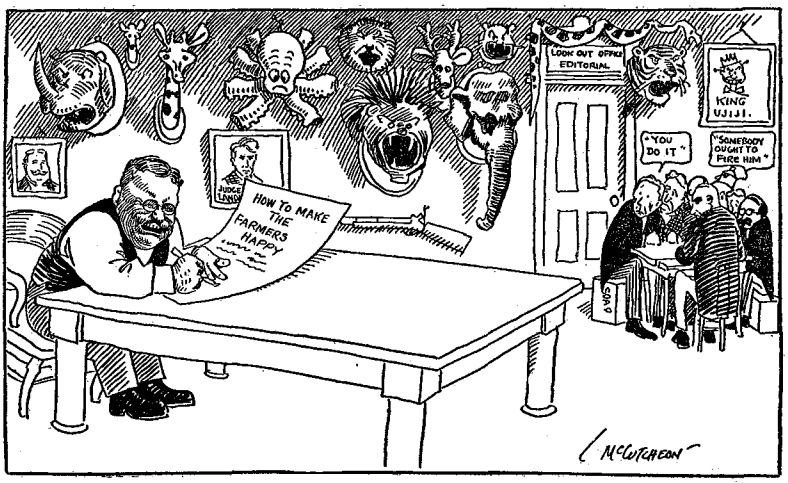

— or, like this?

Soon after Mr. Roosevelt's connection with the "Outlook" as Contributing Editor was announced, it was alleged that much of the stock of that periodical was controlled by men associated with the Standard Oil Company

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The Best French "Best Seller"

Some statistics that we have recently received from Paris establish beyond question the fact that the best French "best seller" of the last quarter of a century is not a highly realistic novel by Zola, but Georges Ohnet's *Le Maitre de Forges*. In view of the much maligned French literary taste this is significant, for *Le Maitre de Forges* is from cover to cover as clean and wholesome as a story by Miss Edgeworth. Appearing first in 1882 it had a success in France comparable to—let us say—that of General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* in this country. It was translated into almost all modern languages and dramatised in many lands. Despite Anatole France's terrible arraignment that "it made him weep to think that a book could be written that could be so preposterously bad," *Le Maitre de Forges* retains to-day its old appeal to young French readers, and remains the best French "best seller."

It would be well worth the time of some of our ambitious young writers who aim to build to conform with the popular taste to analyse the construction of M. Ohnet's book. *Le Maitre de Forges,* translated literally as *The Iron Master,* has probably been more widely read in this country than any other translation of the last half century with the possible exception of Ludovic Halévy's

MR. ROOSEVELT READS THE MARCH MAGAZINES

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L'Abbé Constantin. Yet at the risk of repetition we are going to recall from memory some of the details of the story. The hero, Philippe, the iron master, is sprung from the sturdy middle class, and by his industry, energy and force of character has brought to a high degree of prosperity and efficiency the foundries left to him in an impoverished condition by his father. His only relative is a younger sister, Suzanne, whom he guards with a fine devotion. One day, while hunting on his estate, he meets the daughter of a neighbouring noble family, and falls deeply in love. The girl, Claire, is betrothed to her cousin, the young Duc de Blingy, who at the time is in the French diplomatic service in Russia. When he returns, the years in St. Petersburg have transformed the generous-hearted boy into the cynical viveur. Gambling has brought him to the verge of ruin, and he can repair his fortunes only by marriage with a great heiress. Such a one is found in the daughter of an enormously wealthy chocolate manufacturer (whose name strongly suggests that of the founder of the famous Chocolat Menier), and De Blingy has no scruples about breaking the engagement with his cousin. Claire, prostrated by the blow, accepts the formal proposal of the iron master.

Financial disaster has fallen upon Claire's family. A great lawsuit has been decided against them in the English courts, and almost everything, including the girl's dowry, has been swept away. But Philippe, in a fine spirit of chivalry, insists that the knowledge of it all shall be kept from her, and she becomes his wife with the belief that she is bringing him a great fortune. As she goes to his home after the wedding her sufferings reach the climax. She tells him of her former love for De Blingy, bids him take her dowry, but to leave her to herself. Philippe bows gravely and acquiesces. He will live for the future. There follows a long period when Claire is at the point of death with brain fever. Throughout it all he nurses her with the utmost devotion and hides his anguish from the eyes of the world. When she comes back to life and reason it is as a much softened woman. In her heart there has grown up for her husband in place of the aversion and terror a gentle kindness, a mild affection. Little by little her eyes are opened to all his nobility of character, and by the time that the big dramatic moments of the book arrive, when De Blingy returns and the two men match fire and force, Claire has grown to think of her husband with passionate worship. It is the apotheosis of the Happy Ending.

Curiosities of Criticism

Claudius Clear, writing in a recent number of the *British Weekly,* recalls certain curiosities of criticism. The subject is suggested by the *Aberdeen Journal,* which has been publishing some interesting figures relating to the public library of that city. Since January last, Sir Walter Scott's twenty-six romances have been issued to no fewer than twelve hundred and eighty-eight readers, giving an average of fully forty-nine issues per novel. R. L. Stevenson's fifteen romances account for three hundred and fifty-one issues among them, or twenty-three per novel, as against forty-nine for the Waverley Series. More interesting still is the fact that of all Scott's novels, *The Fortunes of Nigel* is in most demand. Next comes *Guy Mannering,* followed by *Quentin Durward,* and then *Old Mortality* and *Kenilworth.*

Claudius Clear recalls the fact that many years ago J. M. Barrie discussed the question of the relative popularity of Scott's novels and in the end put *Ivanhoe* above the rest. Goethe, in 1828, considered that Scott had never written anything to surpass or even equal *Waverley.* He had at the same time a strong admiration for *The Fair Maid of Perth.* Lord Tennyson thought of *Old Mortality* as Scott's greatest, an opinion shared by Mr. Andrew Lang. *The Heart of Midlothian* has always had many adherents. When the Scott centenary was celebrated in Edinburgh, the Emperor of Brazil, on the first morning of his stay, went at five o'clock in the morning with the novel in his hand to identify some of the localities described. He said that Scott's de-

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scriptions were so vivid and precise that he had succeeded easily.

Not a few give the preference to *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Mr. Gladstone did so for one, declaring that "No man since Æschylus could have written it." Leslie Stephens called it in some respects the best and most artistic of Scott's novels. Mr. Swinburne said of it: "The most perfect of all tragical poems between the date of *Manon Lescaut* and the date of *Notre Dame de Paris*." The verdict of Lockhart was that it is "The most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned." Professor Saintsbury, on the other hand, has described it as "Scott's first approach to failure in prose." *Ivanhoe*, as Anthony Trollope said, is perhaps the most favoured novel in the English language. It was received throughout England with a more clamorous delight than any of the Scotch novels have been. Its publication marked the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history as the literary favourite of his contemporaries. With the novel which he next published the immediate sale of his books began to wane.

Claudius Clear takes up the question of whether Bulwer Lytton was a great writer. He concedes that Lytton had a very important place in literary history, entering the scene just as Sir Walter was leaving it. Scott's voice was loud in his praise. He read *Pelham* and "found it very interesting: the light is easy and gentlemanlike, the dark very grand and sombrous." Macaulay reluctantly praised *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Matthew Arnold read *My Novel* with great pleasure. On the other hand Longfellow did not approve of *The Caxtons*, and Mr. W. D. Howells only a few years ago spoke of *Pelham* as being "vulgarly and viciously commonplace."

The Motley Letters—Dickens

The *Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley*, edited by George William Curtis, was published in 1889, and immediately won the recognition it deserved, not only for the delightful quality of the letters, but for the variety and significance of the matters to which they related. It contained the best of the Motley letters, but many still remained unpublished, and from these a new selection has just been published by Motley's daughter, Mrs. Mildmay, under the title of *John Lothrop Motley and His Family*. They range in date from 1833 to 1893. Many of them were written during the period of our Civil War and give a vivid impression of the irritating European attitude toward the Union. Hitherto unpublished letters of Bismarck, Oliver Wendell Holmes and other prominent persons are included. One of the most interesting of the early letters is that of Mrs. Motley to her husband relating to Dickens's visit to Boston. It is dated Boston, February 5, 1842. After telling of Dickens's exhausting efforts as a sightseer and the still more exhausting attentions of Americans, she writes:

> Somebody told me that the other evening when he was obliged to stay at home from perfect exhaustion of body and mind, that a man inquired for him at the Tremont House, and in spite of Dickens's repeated refusals to see him contrived to make his way into his parlour, where the poor man was extended on the sofa; he remained an hour, and then requested Mr. D. to allow him to bring up his wife, who was waiting below. Dickens told him he really must excuse him; he was too ill to remain up any longer, and went to his room and threw himself on the bed; in spite of this the man brought up his wife and passed another hour with Mr. Dickens. Did you ever hear anything so disgusting? The women, not the common people, for that you could excuse, float round him in the streets, wait for him at the corners, and Alexander's room is crammed every day with girls and women, who call themselves ladies, to see him when he comes out of the studio. The other day he was absolutely obliged to force himself through the crowd, and one woman stepped before him and said to him: "Mr. Dickens, will you be kind enough to walk entirely round the room, so that we can all have a look at you?" This is one of the million things which I could tell you which makes me feel sometimes as if I could cry with mortification. Chapman's invitation to him was the funniest:
>
> "Mr. Dickens, will you dine with me?"
>
> "I am very sorry I am engaged!"

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"Will you sup with me?"
"I am engaged."
"Will you lunch with me?"
"I am engaged."
"Will you breakfast with me?"
"I am engaged."
"Well, will you sleep with me?"
"Thank you, with the greatest pleasure. Nothing could gratify me more than an invitation to sleep."

As time goes on and similar incidents of Dickens's visits are recalled in volumes of correspondence and reminiscences, we are learning that the account of our country in *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* was, on the whole, rather moderate. Passages in both those books that seem burlesque reflect faithfully his personal experiences.

But the vulgar curiosity over which Mrs. Motley was ready to cry with mortification is at bottom the same as the spirit underlying many recent volumes of letters and memoirs. Even the present volume is not altogether free from it, for some of the letters are quite pointless, throwing no light on the well-known persons to whom they refer, and preserved only out of deference to their names. This, of course, is the chief vice of the memoir-writer, and many recent volumes reveal it on every page. Why is "Good morning" to a great man forty years ago considered such a pious literary relic? To be sixty years old or so and to have passed the time of day with anybody who was somebody in the eighteen seventies is often enough to set a man at work at his memoirs and to keep him going through two volumes. Reviewers pick out the few good things but seldom notice the disproportionate amount of sawdust. Of course, it is rude to jostle an author on the street or cut off a great man's coat-tail for a keepsake, but it is only a rougher form of that flunkeyism which in many books of English and American reminiscences produces long chapters based on a bare acquaintanceship or the interchange of mere civilities or a handshake or two. Not a year passes without its volumes of Lady Somebody's Memoirs which should not have exceeded a page. Things are set down in print which the most polite of listeners would not endure in private conversation. That, by the way, may account for their frequent publication, friends advising them to set to work on their Memoirs in the hope of lightening the burden of their talk. So we have book after book subsisting on the bare mention of noted names. The average reminiscence writer is happy in the mere fact of having met somebody somewhere and exchanged remarks of no possible interest to anybody. Justin McCarthy meets James Russell Lowell. Nothing happens and neither says anything worth noting. They meet and they part; that is all. Under the roof of Mrs. James T. Fields, who was the widow of Mr. James T. Fields, he meets the late Edward Everett Hale, the author of *The Man Without a Country*, one of the most marvellous works in the English language. Under the same roof he had also met Bayard Taylor, the great traveller and translator of German verse. Such is the familiar style of our memoir-writer. It is as much an abuse of celebrities as pillaging them of their buttons on the street.

Weekly Verse

The "output of creditable poetry," as some term it, continues to be adequate for monthly magazine needs. Statistics are not available, but there was no sign that the production of marketable magazine verse felt either the shock of the October Crisis or the recovery of 1909, that most remarkable year of American agriculture. And taking it all in all throughout the monthly magazines, stanza for stanza, yard for yard, it is of remarkably even quality, being indeed so thoroughly "standardised" that no matter who writes it it remains about the same, disappointing nobody, causing no surprise. On the other hand, the supply of weekly verse is very precarious. The country is not and never has been rich enough in respectable verse for regular weekly publication, and any weekly paper, which, like the New York *Times, Saturday Review,* insists on it, makes a grave mistake. Goaded into publication, the weekly poet often sinks into a decrepitude unpar-

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alleled among the monthly bards. The *Times Review,* for example, recently printed a poem about Professor Henry Van Dyke which reads in part as follows:

Why not be frank and say it without fear?
Of all our poets none I better like
In certain moods and seasons than Van Dyke,
Whose mellow Bird-Songs make the birds more dear.

* * * * *

Nor poet only. Deft with essay, tale,
And sketch (wherein the angler's art has place),
In all he writes we find peculiar grace,
A temper kind and faith that does not fail.

* * * * *

What wonder that we love this gentle friend?
Be his choice books our comrades to the end!

Mark the cadence of the last line, as the commentators say; compare it with "the swell serenity of books."

Among monthly magazine poets, on the other hand, actual illiteracy is almost unknown, and an editor would have no excuse for printing verses like those above quoted. The late Mr. Richard Watson Gilder has borne witness to the high level of the general average in the following impromptu lines accompanying the return of some rejected verses. They are reprinted in the last *Century.*

The trouble is that in this land sublime
Too many citizens know how to rhyme;
In fact, some ten or twenty *thousand* can
Write verses that correctly mate and scan,
And several *hundreds* sometimes even reach
To no small aptitude of measured speech.
So many *scores* woo well the fickle muse
That editors dare not their songs refuse;
Thus are our safes so full of pretty verses
We can no more—so, prithee, spare your curses.

An Anecdote of Hall Caine

In *Astir, a Publisher's Life Story,* by Mr. J. A. Thayer, occurs the following story of Hall Caine's manner of accounting for the increased circulation of *Everybody's Magazine* when it was carrying the "Frenzied Finance" serial:

The July issue, wherein *Frenzied Finance* began its spectacular career, also contained the first instalment of a serial which we had arranged to publish long before the Lawson project arose. In the early autumn Hall Caine performed his pilgrimage to London to call upon his publisher. The latter having transatlantic connections mentioned to the author that the circulation of *Everybody's Magazine* had made extraordinary gains. "Yes," said Mr. Caine, "I expected it. That is the American magazine which is publishing my new story, *The Prodigal Son.*"

The Springfield *Republican's* comment is pertinent:

The story is supposed to be funny, yet if any author could "boost" a magazine one would suppose Hall Caine to be the man. Perhaps the joke lies in the absurdity of supposing that the public would rather read a fiction than a fake.

How a Magazine Publisher Got On

Astir, the volume from which the above story is quoted, is uncommonly well named, being the brisk and entertaining chronicle of a "hustler and no mistake," who rose from printer's boy in his teens to advertising manager of *The Ladies' Home Journal* in his thirties. "With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I send this book forth," says the writer, and this "optimism" pervades every page. Or perhaps "optimism" is too big a word for it. It is a rubbing of the hands over one's personal success, founded on a sure faith that rewards in due measure wait upon deserts. Never was a self-made man happier in his handiwork. And though in actual life one often meets these pushing roseate adepts in the art of "getting on," they seldom have the further knack of expressing themselves on paper. If we meet them in print, somebody else, like Mr. Howells, for example, or Mr. Lorimer, has had to invent them. Mr. Thayer, on the other hand, tells his own story in the precise manner that we demand of his type, clearly, pointedly, self-confidently, and above all with perfect näiveté. He does not defend his standards or aspirations or pretend that they are higher than they are. He simply makes them known. He believes Tom Lawson is a great man and he is proud

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of his part in securing the serial *Frenzied Finance,* and frankly delighted with the financial results to *Everybody's.* So ardently does he adore success that in the presence of those publishers who have achieved it he almost has buck fever. When he was appointed business manager by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, whom he calls "a genius in spots," he says:

My first day with Mr. Munsey stands out in my mind as distinctly as the one, when a boy, I was promoted to long pants.

But in a month and a day his Munsey engagement terminated with the interchange of two long and very entertaining letters, in which each told the other precisely what he thought of him. Mr. Munsey said Mr. Thayer was not the "big, strong man" his friends had represented him to be, that he was addicted to "red tape" and to a "halo of importance," and despite the fact that he was "a great big salaried man" and had been engaged on the strength of "a great big reputation" he was of less value to the office than any one of half a dozen men who were drawing only one-third the salary. To which Mr. Thayer replied that Mr. Munsey though a "close reasoner" was too emotional and showed the strain of overwork and that he had given him no chance.

I have been in New York four weeks. I have been put in a cage and you have walked around and looked at me and said to yourself, "He's not doing anything."

In the final interview Mr. Thayer jumped to his feet, raised the forefinger of his right hand and (with incredible daring) "looked him squarely in the face."

Then with the emphasis an energetic advertising man often uses to clinch an important deal, I told him he had given me no opportunity to do anything for him; that he was absolutely mistaken in his estimate of me. I closed the interview by assuring him, and the words came deliberately, that it would not take five years to prove him wrong.

He "made good" within less than a year, bringing the Boston *Journal's* advertising department to such a point that "the receipts showed a healthy growth of several thousand dollars a week." Disdaining now the *Journal's* offer of the "great big salary" which Mr. Munsey had begrudged, he plunged into the regeneration of *The Delineator,* which process he calls the "bleaching of a black sheep."

The one hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars received in advertising by the Butterick Company the year previous to my coming had grown, in the final year of my service, to over six hundred thousand dollars. It exceeds a million to-day.

One day, in the president's office, I saw the architect's drawing of a massive stone edifice, fourteen stories high, to be built for and devoted solely to the business of the Butterick Company. Facetiously, the treasurer remarked: "Look at your new building!" As I looked I thought: "Many a true word is spoken in jest." As treasurer, he well knew that my department made it possible.

On the *Delineator* he enforced the policy of clean advertising, declining not only patent medicines and objectionable advertisements, "but all which were extravagantly phrased."

Thus an assertion that a lady's suit worth seventy-five dollars would be sent on receipt of twenty-five dollars in cash would be considered "extravagantly phrased" and the order declined unless personal examination proved its truth. It is difficult to explain to the layman the detail with which every announcement was censored. The word "cure" had to be stricken from every advertisement before it appeared in our columns. If a well-known make of vaseline was said to "cure" sunburn, we obtained the advertiser's consent to change the word to "relieve" or declined his money.

The chief difficulty at first was with the "neutral cases," for, as he says, "fraudulent advertising is objectionable always, but objectionable advertising is not always fraudulent." So one of his first steps was to seek a "neutral case" that might serve as a precedent. This he found in an order for a hair-restorer advertisement amounting to three thousand dollars. He took the order along with the cuts of "Before" and "After" to a

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bald-headed official of the company and asked him if he believed in such things. The bald-headed official was moved. "Do you think," cried he, "that if there was a remedy, I'd have stayed bald for thirty years?" Here was an "object lesson more forcible than a Niagara of verbal argument." This and similar advertisements were thenceforth excluded.

Then came his purchase of *Everybody's* for seventy-five thousand dollars and the extraordinary success of that magazine under his and Mr. Ridgway's direction. The temptation to print advertisements for headache "cures" was resisted from the very start, despite the suggestion of an adviser that in the early phases of a new venture such a course was permissible. Mr. Wilder, of the Butterick Company, was the silent partner in the enterprise, and it was Mr. Wilder who first dreamed that golden dream of the Tom Lawson serial. That is a disappointment to the reader of this volume. Mr. Thayer is our hero and we had much rather have had him discover Lawson. The publication of *Frenzied Finance* was the climax of his life, at once his glory and his *raison d'être*. It was for this that on the day of his birth "Mars and Jupiter were in friendly juxtaposition." It was for this that as a young man he was wont to murmur to himself the words, "Put your ambition high and work up to it." There was presage of it when on his first day in Philadelphia to take a position on *The Ladies' Home Journal* he "remembered the inspiring rise of that other Boston printer who first trod these streets in the early morning, eating a roll as he came" and

> paused by the iron grating of the quiet churchyard where Franklin lies, and with bared head paid my silent tribute to his memory.

Upward and onward, through the office of *The Ladies' Home Journal,* past the frowning height of Mr. Frank A. Munsey, beyond the Boston *Journal,* beyond even *The Delineator,* he had climbed till now he stood proudly on the crowning peak of *Everybody's.* To some readers this may seem enough. But as the narrative glowed and swelled with the promise of a great result, and as we grew more and more fascinated with his grit, pluck, push, grasp, vim, nerve, bounce, "breeziness" and "braininess" we hoped for something greater still. We do not deny that he made himself the man he now is—and a mighty feat it was. But we do wish that it had been he instead of Mr. Wilder of the Butterick Company who discovered Tom Lawson. If the book is ever dramatised this change must be made. We also insist that in a stage version the hero after his triumph shall be brought again face to face with Mr. Frank A. Munsey and again raise that same forefinger and say "Which of us was right?"

But if he did not discover Tom Lawson, he was masterly in turning the discovery to advantage. The circulation was soon going to "the merry tune of fifty thousand a month," and "in less than a year after Mr. Lawson's articles began we announced an edition of one million, which he himself had predicted." Finally it was thought necessary to change the price of the magazine from ten to fifteen cents:

> When to make the change was the problem. Then one morning the daily newspapers did us the kindness to print the statement that *Everybody's Magazine* was to be suppressed. The attorney for Henry H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame, had written the American News Company that if the magazines were distributed and put on sale throughout the country, action at law would be taken. The elevated train on which I rode that morning seemed to creep at a snail's pace. Arriving at my office, I burst in on Mr. Ridgway.
>
> "Now is the time!" I cried.
>
> With the dignity of a foreign ambassador, the active partner of my troubles leaned back in his chair and smiled.
>
> "Yes; for what?" said he.
>
> "To increase our price."
>
> My co-worker took fire himself. In a moment he had our printer on the telephone, the presses were stopped, and the change was made. The free advertising given us by the magic name of Standard Oil was so immense that the edition for the month, though larger than before, was swept from the news-stands on the day of publication.

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Once owing to the officiousness of sub-editors a sentence of *Frenzied Finance* was nearly de-Lawsonised and spoiled, but Mr. Thayer saved it in the nick of time:

In one of Mr. Lawson's chapters he referred to "a meeting of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation wherein Mr. Henry H. Rogers, having made his invariable plea for quick action, was interrupted by the president of the corporation, who blurted out: 'Mr. Rogers will vote on this question after we have talked on it.' In a voice that those who heard it say sounded like a rattlesnake's hiss in a refrigerator, Mr. Rogers replied: 'All meetings where I sit as a director vote first and talk after I am gone.'" Re-reading this after it had been put in type, I found that our editors had changed the species of snake. Demanding a reason, I was informed that neither did snakes inhabit refrigerators nor rattlesnakes hiss, but that on conferring together in the absence of the editor-in-chief, they had decided to let the refrigerator remain, but to make it a black snake, which really did hiss. I instructed these sticklers for exact biology to restore the sentence to its original pungent form. A few days afterward Mr. Ridgway, who was in the West, also noticed the alteration and telegraphed me: "Please have editorial department change black snake to rattlesnake as originally sent."

He saw at a glance that rattlesnake was more pungent than black snake, and that it was not in keeping with the Lawson manner to represent as hissing a snake that actually could hiss. It was only at a serious crisis like this that he interfered in editorial affairs, but when he did it was with this sure literary instinct. The instance points the truth of his remark that we who in our "slippered ease" turn the pages of a magazine little know the minute and unremitting labour involved in its preparation.

Then came the launching of the short-lived *Ridgway's Weekly*, a project which he scouted from the first, despite its promise of "wholesome fiction, honest sentiment, and 'red blood.'" Disaster followed as he predicted, but meanwhile he had withdrawn from the company, selling out for a handsome sum, on which he now lives in luxury and in uninterrupted self-congratulation. Later the magazine which he had bought for seventy-five thousand dollars was purchased by the Butterick Company for three million dollars. Thus New York was the scene of his triumph. It looked at one time as if it might be Boston, but Boston was too conservative. Had the proprietor of the *Atlantic Monthly* not been hidebound, Mr. Thayer might have turned it into something nearly as good as the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He was working on the latter magazine when the idea occurred to him. He saw possibilities in the *Atlantic*. He thought its circulation might be increased from the small figure of "less than twenty-five thousand copies up into the hundred thousands."

To do this the *Atlantic* would have to be materially changed and illustrated. On one of my trips to Cambridge, I pointed out to my old friend, Charles Walker, this striking opportunity, and he, speaking of it to the publishers, brought about an early interview. The delightful gentleman who has been for so many years the head of this old house was interested, but to change the magazine in any way—never! It was Boston.

Nowhere is the spirit of popular magazine enterprise so perfectly reproduced. The details are intimate, significant and exceedingly well told. But apart from this special interest there is in its frank, good-natured, bustling pages something very typical of a large class of our fellow countrymen. It is an admirable picture of American business, and it is quite fitting that it should be translated into French, as the publishers say it has been, under the title *Les E'tapes du Succès. Souvenirs d'un "Business man" Americain.*

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BOOK-PLATE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY BY EMIL DOEPLER

THE GERMAN EX-LIBRISTS

TO just what a degree the book-plate may illustrate the very quintessence of the personal proprietary element in the matter of the graphic arts is supremely illustrated by the work of the German artists of to-day. Turn whither we may, we find the ex-librist of no other country surpassing the originality in conception, the strength, force, delicacy, interest, line-mastery, and appropriateness of the design to its intention shown by the artists of Germany in the drawing of the little labels which book-lovers the world over use to adorn their treasured volumes and to denote their ownership of them.

Of course, Germany was the first in the field, for Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Bartel Beham, Hans Springinklee and others of their time were devoted to the art of the making of such things; which had begun to be a fashion in Hildebrand Brandenburg's day. That their heritage of ideas has not been wasted, and that the seed of their originality has been planted in the fertile fields of appreciation must be evident to every one who gives any attention to these matters.

The thing that marks the work of the German ex-libris designer above the

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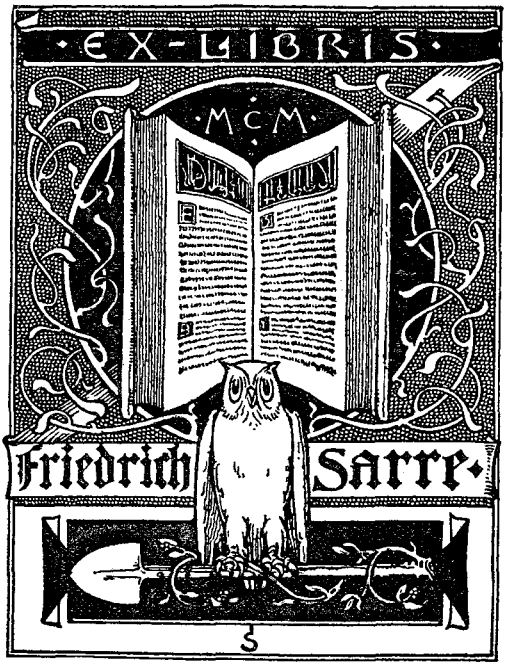
average work of the designers of the book-plates of any other country is the fact that they go about their business with an idea for a foundation. American designers are too apt to imagine that if a lady is fond of pet dogs the portrait of her poodle on a book-plate constitutes carrying out an original *motif,* or that if a man is fond of out-door life a border of guns, fishing-tackle, canoes and snow-shoes is the clever thing wherewith to decorate his book-plate.

Again the French seem unable to tear themselves from believing the unclad feminine to be the proper subject for almost every book-plate, and one invariably turns away from a collection of modern French book-plates with the feeling that he has been peeking in through the careless shutters of an *atelier* during prolonged poses. The English designers are either enormously heraldic or naively pre-Raphaelite, with now and then an avowed bit of radical departure—as when Gordon Craig, Anning Bell (who is for Italian Renaissance, after all), Simpson, New, and a few others take their pencil to things of this kind.

BOOK-PLATE OF HERR VON ZUR WEZTEN BY MATHILDE ADE

Of course, Germany had her day of the commonplace, and it lasted a long time, but Daniel Chodowieckis began getting away from it, and after a long relapse Ludwig Richter set the pace for what was to follow. Even Goethe took a hand at making book-plates, and the one he designed for Käthchen Schönkopf is one of the most interesting documents we have of the poet's taste. The men of Munich have produced among themselves almost as great a revolutionary movement in the art of design as did Aubrey Beardsley, when his drawings were brought to the attention of the public. It is these men, then (nearly all of them represented by their contributions to *Jugend,* and, therefore, well known) who have done so much to make the art of the ex-libris a thing by itself in their own country. Their wonderfully clever designs, their superb draughtsmanship, and their originality of conception recalls the never-failing ingenuity of the indefatigable masters of Nuremberg.

One is not so sure that the book-plates they design for themselves are as successful as those they do for their friends—few of us would care for the ex-libris of



BOOK-PLATE OF FRIEDRICH SARRE BY JOSEPH SATTLER

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BOOK-PLATES BY EMIL PRETORIUS

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Hans Thoma in our own books, but it is interesting to see what this great artist has chosen for himself. The ones he has done for Dr. Thode and for August Rasor are more pleasing. On the other hand, Franz von Stuck's book-plate by his own hand is excellent from every point of consideration. The book-plate von Stuck has done for Mary von Stuck is strangely in the artist's well-known canvases. Of course, the Germans employ heraldic designing, but more often in the manner of Otto Hupps, whose work in this especial field has been made famous through his designs for the celebrated *Münchener Kalandern,* which seems to have inspired the decoration of every Hofbrauhaus in America.

Probably Joseph Sattler is Germany's greatest designer of book-plates. Sattler steeped his mind so in the love of the artists of the Teutonic *cinquecento* that every stroke with his pen seems guided by such a hand as theirs, and directed through such eyes as gazed critically upon

BOOK-PLATE OF MARGARETHE STRAUSS BY FRANZ STASSEN

BOOK-PLATE OF PROPSTES HECTOR POMER BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

their own work. Sattler seems really one of the Little Masters, and his influence on modern German illustration has been enormous. One of the followers in Sattler's footsteps has been Georg Barlösius, and our own Howard Pyle seems to have a conservative sympathy with Sattler's creations, probably having evolved his own style by much the same sort of study. However, in even the best of Howard Pyle's work, one does not find quite the extent of imagination that plays so great a part in Sattler's.

To-day Maximilian Dasio's work in typographical design stands to the front in German book-design. His drawings for ex-libris are therefore of interest, and Bernhard Wenig follows closely upon his heels as one may see in the little book-plate he has designed for the Princess Wredelobkowitz.

Otto Griener shows the influence of Michelangelesque studies, and his book-plates seem classicism seen through Teuton eyes. Under the eyes of Max Klinger the talent of Bruno Héroux has grown to be a fruitful thing. His ex-libris designs engraved on wood by his own hand are revelations of the possibilities of wood-engraving in the hands of a modern mas-

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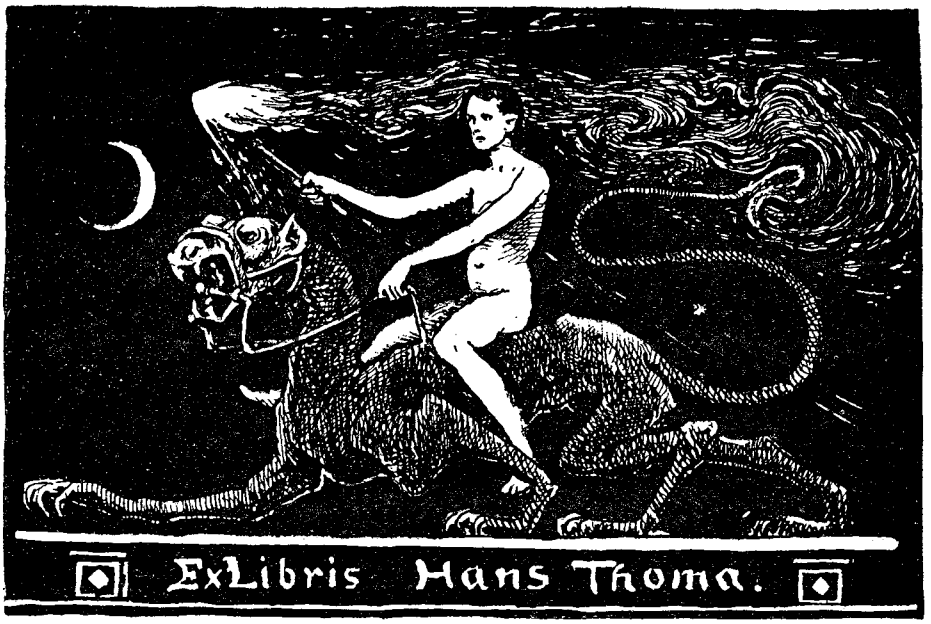

ter. They are not dependent upon mass-effects, nor upon bizarre design, but are remarkably straightforward in simplicity of technique and direct intention.

The work of Franz Stassen as seen in the book-plate of Frau Margarethe Strauss gives us an indication of the intellectual interests of the German woman of to-day. Here we find portrayed Schopenhauer and the Earth-spirit—Philosophy communing with what Nature presents. Jules Diez, who has found his inspiration in the Greek vase-paintings, is probably the most versatile and prolific ex-librist in Germany—one almost never knows what his pen will do next. Then we have Willi Geiger and his weird conceptions, and Mathilde Ade doing much the same sort of thing.

Gardner Teall.

BOOK-PLATE OF FRITZ MOCK BY HIMSELF

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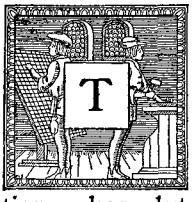
"INFORMATION"



HE little girl who asked her father what made the wind blow is a regular patron of the New York public libraries, if we are to believe the attendants in those institutions whose duty it is to preside over the desks placarded with the familiar, large-lettered signs bearing the brief, yet all-comprehensive legend: "Information." That the attendants in question *are* to be believed is to be argued from the actual stories they relate in connection with their daily work, and these stories find further verification, 'though indirectly, in the opinion hazarded by Edward Bradley who, in railroad circles, is known as "the world's champion foolish question answerer." Mr. Bradley is the chief of the bureau of information of the New York Central system and says that, for a foolish question capital, the railroad terminal can be equalled only by the public library. "I venture to say," he states, "that the reading public which seeks its literature in the free libraries asks as varied an assortment of astigmatismic questions as the oft-quoted traveller who wishes to know at what time the eight o'clock train will leave."

That Mr. Bradley is correct in his surmise may be appreciated from the confessions of one of the information dispensers at the Astor Library, as well as from the confessions of his brothers in the other allied library branches in New York City. As a prefatory illustration of the species of "information" sought by the vast army of lovers of literature, there may be cited the case of the man who recently asked the information clerk at the Harlem branch of the public library if there were any more books in the institution written by Macbeth. "Which Macbeth?" asked the attendant. "Oh, you know," frowned the inquirer impatiently, "the fellow that wrote Shakespeare." Another man, searching for reading matter in this same branch, wanted to know if the library had a copy of David Copperfield's *Graustark*.

About a month ago a young woman approached the information desk at the Astor Library and told the attendant that she wanted to read the best book in the institution. The clerk endeavoured to analyse the inquirer's literary tastes before venturing to suggest the "best book" to her, but his efforts were met with an immediate rebuff, "I don't want to waste a lot of time, so just recommend the best thing you have," she said with an air of finality. The attendant, somewhat flustered, told her that the best book in the library, as far as general opinion held, was the Bible, whereupon the young woman stamped away with the declaration that she was going to report him for being "fresh." Another woman, older by many years, not long ago asked if the clerk knew of a novel in which the hero's name was Albert. "Any novel will do," she said, "just so long as that's the man's name. You see, Albert was my son's name—he's dead now—and I want to read a story about a man with that name." At the Chatham Square branch, a young man, apparently steeped in a temporary romance, wanted to learn whether the library contained "a lot of stories with Jeanettes in 'em."

Some of the foggiest questions, as may be presumed, come to the mental vision of the attendants in the tenement district branches. Many of the readers, although thoroughly sincere in their effort to appreciate the good in literature, have small acquaintance with the classics and, as a consequence, these patrons are listed in library phraseology as "the worst of all the questioners." A survey of the recent "information" statistics reveals the facts that one patron asked what Milton's last name was; that a second wished to learn if he could obtain any more books by Ivanhoe; that a third—a woman about thirty-five years old—asked to be given a story by "the lady what wrote Miss Erabbles"; and that still another woman, evidently having encountered a similar merit in Hugo's works, asked if "Hugo Victoria" was the author of "any story telling about English queens." Not far removed from the case of the latter lady is that of a German mechanic who asked

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the information desk at the Mott Haven branch recently if he could get a book about the Kaiser by "Captain Charles, the King." And in the same category must be listed the instance of the Italian who, at a downtown branch, is said to have inquired for a "gude story by da man Bartholdi." It developed—and this is not a figment of the imagination—that some one had told the Italian that Bartholdi had "written" the Statue of Liberty, the seeker for literary diversion having been led to believe that the latter was a novel.

An information seeker at the Astor Library several months ago demanded to know if he might draw out all the works of Shakespeare at one time. When informed that such a proceeding would not be in line with the rules of the institution he became very angry. "But," remonstrated the attendant, "you could not read all the plays at once anyway. To study Shakespeare with any degree of thoroughness takes considerable time." "I don't want to *study* Shakespeare," fumed the man, "I just want to skim through him." The attendant was at a loss to understand the man until, in the next sentence, the latter revealed the fact that he believed the Immortal Bard had written only *four* plays. In one of the tenement district branches already referred to, one reader is quoted as having asked for a copy of Sherlock's "Homes," undoubtedly having been on the lookout for a volume dealing with interior decoration, although just why such a treatise should be sought in a tenement district is a matter for much conjecture. Another literary gentleman wanted the information clerk to suggest a novel to him in which he could find further stories about "The Murders of the Ruined Morgue." Speaking of stories dealing with the detection of crime and with mystery, it is hazarded that at least ten per cent. of the foolish questions asked of library attendants in some way or another have to do with this particular brand of reading. One of these questions that has remained indelible in the mind of the present writer came to his personal attention one day two years ago while standing close to the information desk of one of the New York libraries. A young man—somewhere in the middle twenties—had worked his way through a group of persons to where the attendant was standing. "Say," he asked in a loud voice, "what's the most exciting detective story I can get here?" The clerk named several of the better novels of the sleuth species that the library had listed. "Never heard of any of them," rejoined the young man. "What I want is one that starts with a murder." The attendant regretted that he could not name one such offhand. There was a brief moment of silence. Then came *the* question: "Well, if you can't tell me one that starts with a murder, can you give me one that starts with a suicide that everybody but the detective thought was a murder?"

"Who wrote 'Henry James'?" was the innocent question asked not long ago of one of the library attendants. The questioner may have had some intention of starting another Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, but his sincerity argued against any such impression. "Have you any good story with a green cover?" is by no means an entirely unexpected library question, the question varying, we are assured, only so far as the particular colour desired is concerned. In the same vein, is the question asked several weeks ago, at the Chatham Square branch, for the recommendation of a book with gilt edges. The nature of the book's contents was not of the slightest importance. Numerous questions are asked, too, as to books having, for instance, exactly one hundred and twenty-five pages. The readers in question want no more, no less. One hundred and twenty-five is their statute of literary limitations. From all of which it may be observed that the office of attendant at a public library information desk is hardly a proper position for a person with weak nerves.

George Duncan.

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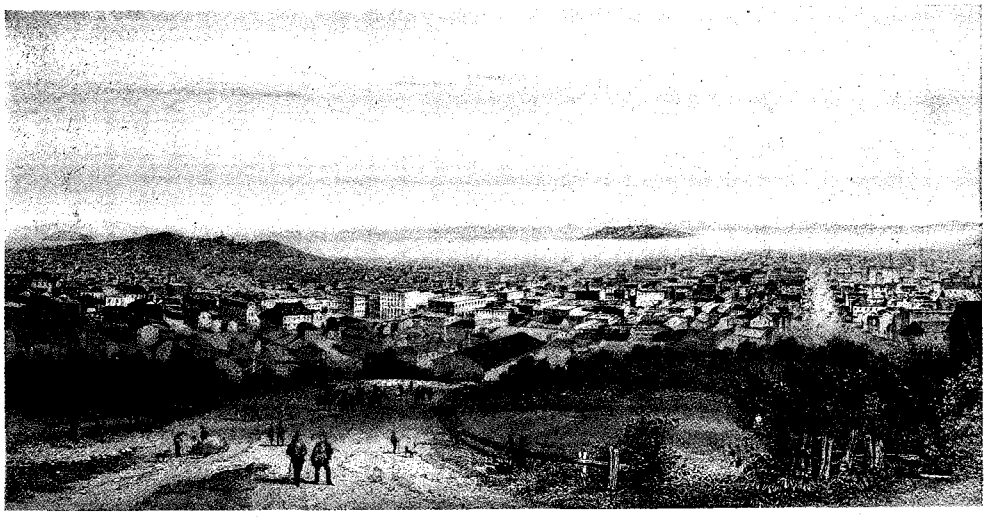
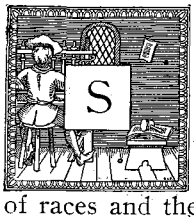


SAN FRANCISCO IN STEVENSON'S DAY. TELEGRAPH HILL, NOB HILL, AND RUSSIAN HILL TO THE LEFT

SAN FRANCISCO IN FICTION



AN FRANCISCO is not only, as Robert Louis Stevenson declares in *The Wrecker*, "the most interesting city in the Union and the hugest smelting-pot of races and the precious metals," but it has within its borders more material for romance than any other centre of population in America. In the old pre-cataclysmic days Bill Nye found "more glamour and stage-business" in San Francisco than any other place in the world, and the great fire did not consume it, by any means.

The San Francisco that Stevenson knew and loved to write about was the San Francisco of the era before the completion of the great City Hall at Larkin and McAllister streets, the era that antedated the skyscraper, the time when the Palace Hotel and the Nevada Block were the proudest buildings in town. In that lavendered age the old Merchants' Exchange, on California Street, near Montgomery, the heart of the financial district, was the haunt of mighty men of marine affairs, and among them were John D. Spreckels, master of the destiny of many Pacific-going craft. In Mr. Spreckels I have always seemed to see the Douglas B. Longhurst of *The Wrecker,* with whom Jim Pinkerton planned his deal to make himself and Loudon Dodd owners of the *Flying Scud* on their own terms.

The old Merchants' Exchange Building was a tall, sombre-looking structure with a wide arched entrance leading directly into a large rotunda, always blue with tobacco smoke at the noon hour, and echoing to the sound of many voices. For here the men of marine affairs gathered to conduct business, exchange notes and tell stories. They stood and talked in little groups, each group seemingly trying to drown the voices of the others. Fenced off by a long counter were clerks making entries of this or that arrival or departure by sea, and upon the walls behind the clerks were huge blackboards that conveyed such marine intelligence as that "the brigantine *Pomona* of Hull has put into port at Victoria under stress of weather, with foretopmast gone and rudder damaged." Ranged about the room were many sloping desks, bearing the files of newspapers from all over the world, while on the

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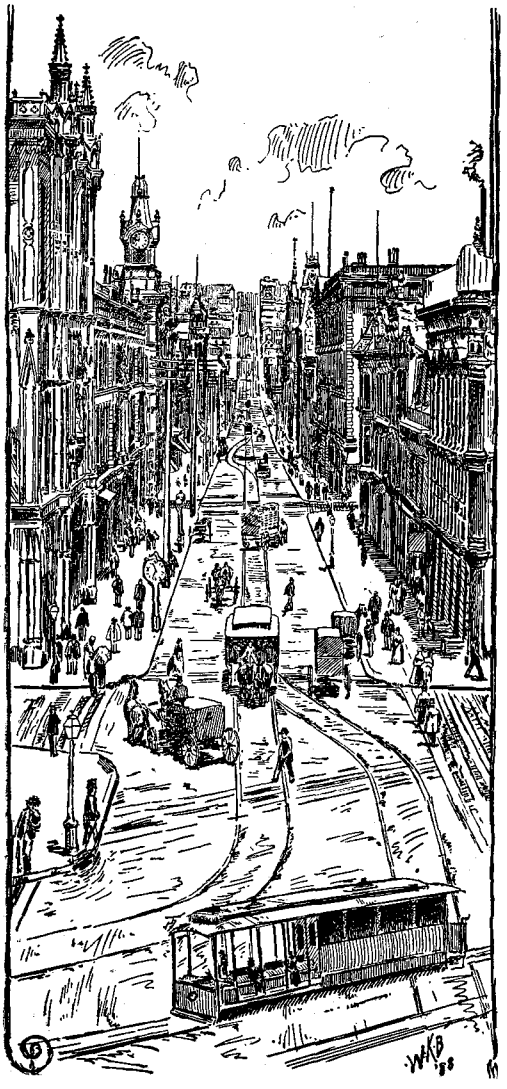

THE APPROACH TO TELEGRAPH HILL

counter were bulky copies of *Lloyd's Register* and other maritime literature.

It was here in all this clamour of voices and in this thick smoke of "two-bit" cigars that Captain Trent, with his "red, broad, flustered face," came to witness the auction sale of the vessel in which he and his men had fought that needlessly bloody battle just before she went aground at Midway Island; and it was here, amid the loud jests and cat-calls of "'the boys,' as they would have called themselves," that Dodd and Pinkerton bid their last dollar on the wreck which was to have made their everlasting fortunes, but didn't.

Many and many such a wreck sale, though perhaps never quite such a harrowing one, was transacted under the dome of that rotunda. In my old newspaper days I have witnessed them, and I have seen, too, the Longhursts, the Pinkertons and the Dodds, alert, strenuous, fevered, in the full rigour of the game.

Dodd, in his capacity of picnic manager, I knew very well. Stevenson copied that phase of his hero's character after a certain Colonel Menton who marshalled the excursionists aboard the steamer *Ukiah* of the old Donahue line. Many a time have I seen the "resplendent asses" of the picnics march down Market Street, "axe on shoulder," led by the "Pioneer Band" or another equally blatant. The picnic folk assembled before the long, low, brown ferry building, under the eaves of which, each on its own attenuated tablet, loomed the signs, "San Rafael," "Sausalito," "Sacramento," "Fresno," "Los Angeles," and others. The old ferry building, like the new one, was at the foot of Market Street, where everything in San Francisco began or ended. Here was where the cable cars, branching out over so many lines that ran from the main artery of Market Street, started upon their uptown journeys, and here it was that folk from the ferries got aboard them, scrambling for places on "the dummy," for nearly everybody wanted to ride outside.

Upon the long, shed-like ferry building the frowsy façades of East Street stared across a wide expanse of dirty pavement, like so many brazen barmaids. Nor is that simile so badly chosen, for about four out of every five of the buildings had saloons in them, with sailors' lodging-houses above and an occasional junk-shop or ship chandlery in between. East Street, running northwesterly from Folsom Street to Telegraph Hill along the musty docks, was where Dodd turned "waterside prowler, a lingerer on wharves." It was there, "when blood-money ran high," that he "saw seamen knocked down upon the public street and carried insensible on board short-handed ships, shots exchanged and the smoke

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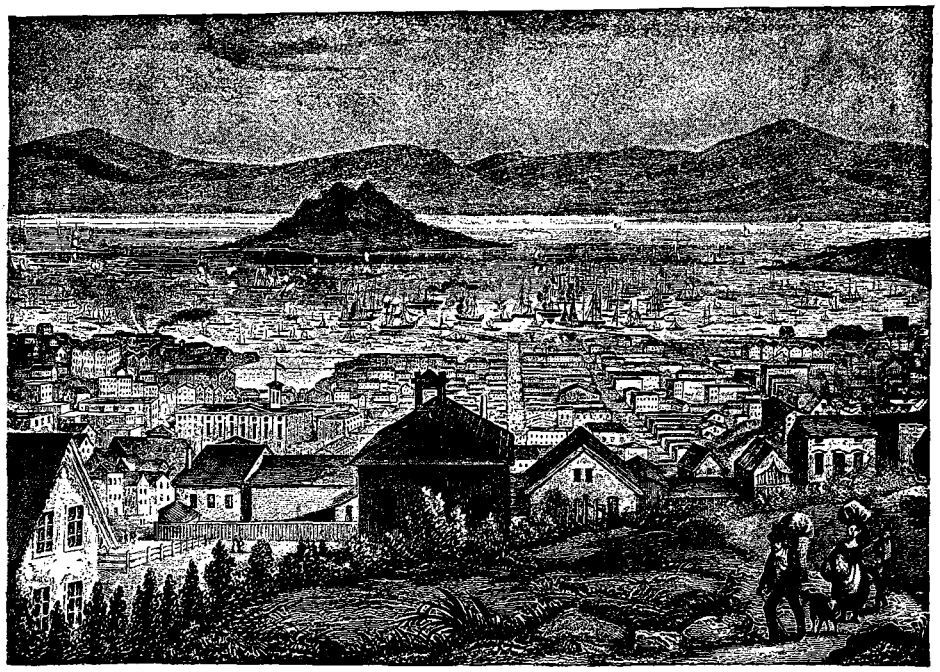

SAN FRANCISCO.
(*Early in the Mining Era*, 1850–1851.)

(and the company) dispersing from the doors of saloons." *The Wrecker* bristles with allusions to this unsavoury thoroughfare. It was from one of its many wharves that the *Nora Creina* set sail for Midway Island.

Assuredly this is the most romantic thoroughfare upon which one may set foot. "Nowhere else," as Stevenson declares, "shall you observe so many tall ships as here convene from round the Horn, from China, from Sydney and the Indies. But, scarce remarked amid that crowd of deep-sea giants, another class of craft, the Island schooner, circulates low in the water, with lofty spars and dainty lines, rigged and fashioned like a yacht, manned with brown-skinned, soft-spoken, sweet-eyed native sailors and equipped with their great double-ender boats that tell a tail of boisterous sea-beaches."

Telegraph Hill, high-topped, steeply cut away on its northeastern or bay side, a place upon which crazy wooden houses perched precariously, but yet a most delightful spot to which one might mount and view the city or the craft-cluttered waters of the harbour, appealed strongly to the imagination of Stevenson. He mentions it several times in *The Wrecker*. It was under its steep cliff that Dodd was standing when Nares came ashore from the *Gleaner*, the hell-ship of which he gave so vivid and horrible an account. It was from the summit of the historic hill that Dodd gazed out through the Golden Gate and saw the huge Cape Horners creeping out to sea and "imminent Tamalpais," twelve miles to the north across the bay. Thence on his homeward way he would visit "that strange and filthy shed, earth-paved and walled with the cages of wild animals and birds, where at a ramshackle counter, amid the yells of monkeys and a poignant atmosphere of menagerie, forty-rod whisky was administered by a proprietor as dirty as his beasts."

This description of the chief attraction of old North Beach is incomplete without a reference to the famous "Cobweb Palace," which was a part of the show, and I wonder how Stevenson ever missed it.

It was on the western and southern slopes of Telegraph Hill that that ex-

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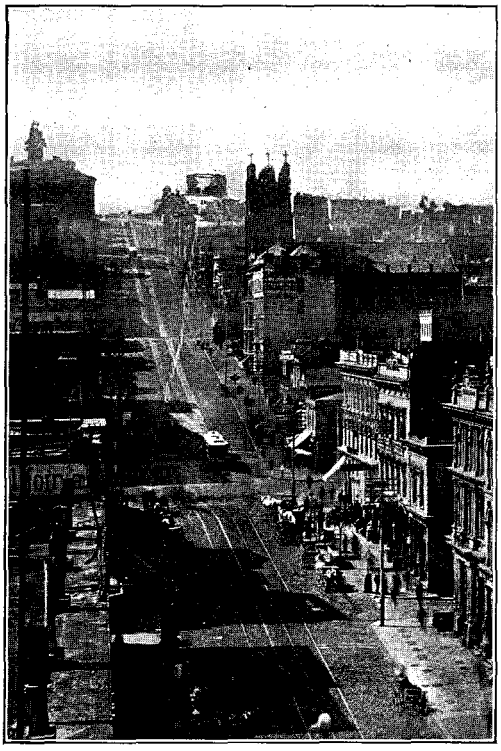
alted and odorous slum, "Little Mexico," with its dingy wooden houses, endless crazy wooden stairs and perilous mountain goat paths looked over at the more respectable district of Nob Hill, "which," as Stevenson pointed out, "is in itself a kind of slum, being the habitat of the mere millionaire." "There they dwell upon the hill-top, high raised above men's clamour, and the trade wind blows between their palaces about deserted streets."



NOB HILL

Taber-Stanford studio

Telegraph Hill is described and often referred to in the fevered romances of Gertrude Atherton. Here is a passage from *American Wives and English Husbands* that pictures that poorly inhabited height:

"Telegraph Hill, sharp and bare and brown, passed over in contempt by the dwellers on the fashionable heights, its surface broken only by an occasional hovel, looked like an equally contemptuous old grandmother."

Russian Hill, high-rising and aloof from the clamour, too, would hardly escape the eye of Stevenson. It was there that he makes his hero Dodd meet the South Sea traveller who carries him into his apartment—"a museum of strange objects, paddles and battle-clubs and baskets, rough-hewn stone images and snowy cocoanut plumes." This traveller could have been no other than Charles Warren Stoddard, who "tramped and starved and had so fine a profit of living in his days among the islands." "It was in such talks," says Dodd, "that I first heard the names—first fell under the spell—of the islands."

East Street, Telegraph Hill, North Beach, Nob Hill and Russian Hill also have been celebrated in the vivid pen pictures of that virile young writer Frank Norris. It was from an East Street sailors' boarding-house that the hero of *Moran of the Lady Letty* was shanghaied by being drugged and dropped into a boat under the wharf and then taken aboard the schooner *Bertha Milner,* of which the precious Captain Kitchell was master. There were plenty of such dives along East Street in the old days before the fire, and had you wanted to do a neat little job of shanghaing you could have arranged for it with any one of a hundred sailors' boarding-house keepers in that delectable neighbourhood. It was at North Beach that the schooner lay at anchor when Moran, after despairing of her love for the hero so high above her in social station, was slain by the coolie, and the little vessel, with Moran's body aboard, was cut adrift to float out through the Golden Gate. It was along East Street that Blix walked with her lover when they went to listen to the strange tale of the old mariner, and it was about North Beach, Russian Hill and Nob Hill that they roamed while they talked of love and other things in that curious rambling romance.

Long before Norris's day or the day of Stevenson either, Bret Harte described these romantic places in his novels. Bret Harte's San Francisco was a different San Francisco from that of Norris or Stevenson. Harte wrote of the days when Rincon Hill was the *localité aristocratique.* Rincon Hill! What memories the name brings back to the old-timer!

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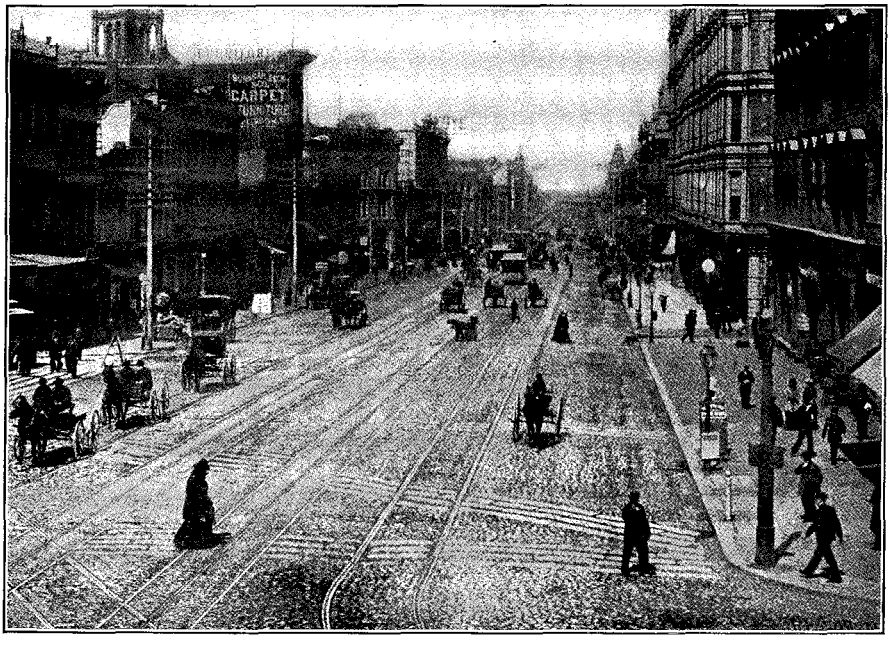
It stands in the southeastern part of the city, and just before the fire it looked down, with all its faded grandeur, upon the dingy waterfront to the east and south, the Tar Flat tenements to the north and the shabby fourth-rate shops and residences of Third Street and the Mission to the west.

Here on Rincon Hill, this high-rising island of respectability, slowly being immersed by the influent tide of cheap commercialism, cheap flats and cheap boarding-houses, the ancient mansard-roofed mansions of those millionaires who had chosen the wrong place for their homes, stood pitiably erect before the fire, with what aloofness and distinction they might still affect, and yet with none so poor as to do them reverence. But in Bret Harte's day Rincon Hill was aswell with pride and agleam with glory.

We read in *Gabriel Conroy* that it was at "Mr. Dunphy's stately mansion on Rincon Hill" that Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyou called to impart the information that the millionaire's wife was not killed, as he had thought, by the Spanish commandant of the Presidio, and it was there that various other matters vital to the progress of the story were enacted. Bret Harte knew old Rincon Hill very well. In the days of his literary ascension, after the wide acceptance of his *Luck of Roaring Camp, M'liss* and the stories that followed them, he was often a guest at the great homes there. For San Francisco, literary to the core, was not slow to appreciate him and even to lionise him on occasion while he was the editor of the *Overland*. To be sure, he afterward found a larger life in the East and in England, but, all cavil to the contrary, he had no need to depreciate Californian appreciation of him.



MARKET STREET. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE OCTOPUS"

As for Rincon Hill, when Second Street was cut through it on one of those shameless levels which Kipling so ridiculed, and when the shops and tenements began to encroach upon its aristocratic boundaries, and the mining and railroad kings set the fatal example of building upon Nob Hill, far across Market Street to the north, its doom as a swell neighbourhood was sealed. And yet it fought the invader nobly. An example of this fight was the grim stand that Peter Donahue, the railroad magnate, made

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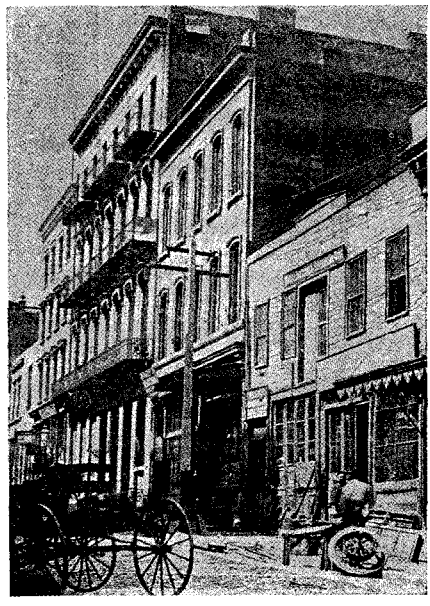

STACY'S GAMBLING HOUSE

"AROUND THE CORNER FROM THAT DINGY OLD MINT"—BRET HARTE'S "THREE PARTNERS"

against the inevitable. His fine old-fashioned residence on Bryant Street, at Second, suffered attack after attack from the common enemy of commercialism, but he lived and died there, and his son, Mervyn Donahue, lived there after him, although an enormous "brick vineyard," as the warehouses where cheap wine is sophisticated and bottled are called, was built directly in front of their big iron gate on Bryant Street. Sometimes I have thought Bret Harte's Dunphy might have been moulded after the strong character of old Peter Donahue, though there are many departures from the lines of the model.

Gertrude Atherton, who has many references to Rincon Hill in her novels, spent her earlier days there, and for years before the fire the literary-minded folk of the district would show you the house where she was born, the dwelling being propped upon the edge of a deep cut.

Harrison Street, along which many of Harte's characters must have walked and driven, crossed Rincon Hill east and west, and along that fashionable thoroughfare were many proud dwellings; but latterly these were given over to boarding-house keepers, to doctors and the managers of private schools. Twenty years before the fire the locality had come to wear a faded and hopelessly neglected aspect, and the last vestige of its old-time greatness was wiped out by the devastating flames.

When, along in the late seventies, Rincon Hill gave up the fashionable ghost, the wealthy folk were to be found on Nob Hill and Van Ness Avenue. It was on Nob Hill that Kipling's Harvey Cheyne of *Captains Courageous* settled down in the last chapter to live behind a "hammered iron gate," and to greet his old friend Dan Troop of the *We're Here* in the mansion where he was installed, with the ex-cook of the fishing smack as his servant. Kipling's picture of Harvey coming "through the clammy sea-fog up a windy street flanked with most expensive houses to imitate stone" is in character, for the fog does sweep over that section most foggily at times.

It was on Nob Hill that the new rich of Geraldine Bonner's novels *Hard Pan, The Pioneer* and *To-morrow's Tangle* swelled with parvenu pride. It was there that the rich folk of Gertrude Atherton's *Californians* disported themselves. It was there that Presley of Frank Norris's strenuous story of *The Octopus* dined with the Gerards and drank wine of the vintage of 1815 in that chapter where the pictures of the millionaire's great feast alternate so curiously and contrastingly with those of the tragic wanderings of the hungry Hoovens.

The Nob Hill of *The Octopus, Hard Pan* and *Captains Courageous* days, that is to say, from ten to twenty years before the fire, was the home of Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, William H. Crocker, Mark Hopkins, James G. Fair, C. P. Huntington, J. L. Flood and many other men of millions. Roughly speaking, it is bounded on the east by Dupont Street, on the south by Bush, on the west by Larkin and on the north by Pacific. The houses were enormous, and as Kipling says "most expensive." The Flood palace was probably the most costly residence in the city, with the possible exception of that of Claus Spreckels, on Van Ness Avenue, which, against the

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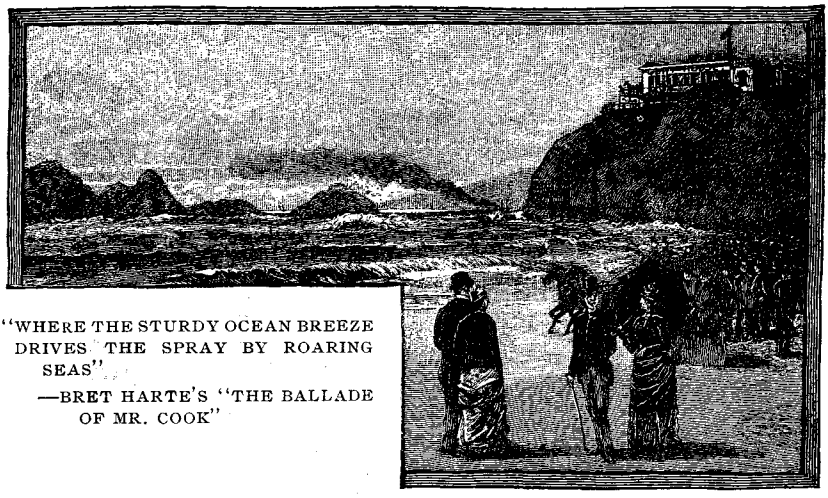

"WHERE THE STURDY OCEAN BREEZE DRIVES THE SPRAY BY ROARING SEAS"
—BRET HARTE'S "THE BALLADE OF MR. COOK"

tearful protests of its owner, was dynamited to stay the progress of the fire. As an example of Flood's tremendous outlay in the construction of his mansion, it may be said that all the brown stone of which it was built was hauled across the continent from Connecticut. It was a large, square, gloomy-looking structure, not nearly so handsome as the pure white wooden house of Huntington. The Fair residence was on Pine Street, under the hill to the southwest. What was deemed to be an indignity was put upon the other residents by the Fair estate when Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, one of the Fair daughters, built the colossal Hotel Fairmount just opposite the Stanford palace and within a stone's throw of the great Flood house. Though greatly damaged by the fire, the Fairmount, restored and redecorated, still stands upon the brow of the hill, looking placidly down upon the bay.

The reason why Stevenson and other writers wrote of Nob Hill streets as being deserted was that they were so steep that few persons cared to walk up them when they could go around by an easier way. Pine and California streets, for example, were grass-grown in places where they were too precipitous to be travelled by teams.

The playhouses of the gay city have not been neglected by its novelists. In the Cosmopolitan Theatre, to which Harte's Clarence Brant, in *Clarence,* goes on the fateful evening when the story opens, one recognises the old California Theatre on Bush Street, near Market, famous among old-timers as the home of the best stock company that ever came to San Francisco. When the old California Theatre, so rich in memories, was torn down and the gorgeous new California was built on its site in the big red sandstone hotel of that name, it had a royal opening, but for some reason it never secured a strong hold upon San Francisco theatre-goers. Perhaps the closing of the Bush Street Theatre and the Standard, on the same thoroughfare, and the opening of the Columbia, the Alcazar, the Orpheum and other playhouses farther uptown contributed to this latter unpopularity of Bush Street as a play-going centre.

The Tivoli, a rather cheap resort on Eddy Street, near Market, where opera was sung by a good company every night in the year, was, perhaps, the most popular place of amusement in San Francisco before the fire. It was at the Tivoli that Rosita, in Mrs. Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk,* appeared before the footlights.

"I had to ware tights," wrote Rosita to Patience after her début. "You should have seen me. At first I felt like stooping over to cover my legs with my arms. But after a while I got used to it, and one night we had to dance, and everybody said I was the most graceful. The manager said I was a born dancer and actress."

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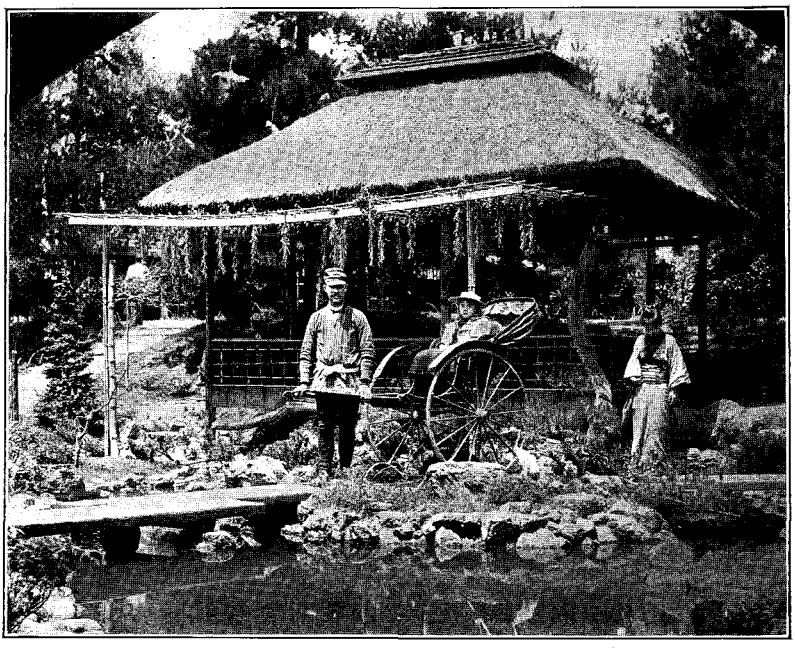
The Tivoli is celebrated in Norris's *McTeague* and also the Orpheum. It was to the Orpheum that McTeague took Trina Siebe and her mother and little Owgooste, and there they heard "Nearer, My God, to Thee" played upon beer bottles, and revelled in other cheap delights.

Another popular resort that is referred to in nearly every novel of San Francisco life is the Cliff House, overlooking the beach and the broad Pacific. The old Cliff House, a low, rambling broad-verandaed hostelry, from which one looked down upon the rocky islets where innumerable sea lions gathered of a clear day to bask in the sun, was a place of delight. Here Rollingstone of Harte's *Gabriel Conroy* gave his famous *fête champetre*. Harte tells how one got there from downtown in the old days, presumably the later 'sixties.

"Their road skirted the base of a huge, solitary hill, broken in outline by an outcrop of gravestones, sacred to the memory of worthy pioneers who had sealed their devotion to 'the healthiest climate in the world' with their lives. Occasionally these gravestones continued to the foot of the hill, where struggling with the drifting sand, they suggested a half-exhumed Pompeii to the passing traveller. They were the skeletons at the feast of every San Francisco pleasure-seeker. . . . And beyond this again was the grey, eternal sea, and at its edge, perched upon a rock and rising out of the very jaws of the gushing breakers, stood a stately pleasure dome, decreed by some speculative and enterprising landlord—the excuse and terminus of this popular excursion. Here Rollingstone drew up, and, alighting, led his party into a bright, cheery room whose windows gave upon the sea."



THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN IN THE GOLDEN GATE PARK

Rollingstone is recognised by all the old inhabitants as William C. Ralston, a millionaire of the 'sixties who drowned himself off North Beach as a result of his bankruptcy.

The "huge solitary hill" is Lone Mountain, afterward marked by an enormous cross. "Lone Mountain, its white slabs and vaults grey in the dawn," as Mrs. Atherton writes in *American Wives and English Husbands,* "the sharp cone, with its Calvary behind, black in the dull void."

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OLD MISSION DOLORES. MRS. ATHERTON'S "THE SPLENDID IDLE FORTIES"

To get to the Cliff House in *The Octopus* days you went through Golden Gate Park, where Annixter wooed Hilda in the little Japanese tea garden. The park, undoubtedly the finest in this country, because of its botanical wonders, is traversed by a winding road that leads to the Old Cliff House grounds, afterward expanded by Adolph Sutro and known as Sutro Heights. Annixter and Hilda took "the inevitable bridal trip to the Cliff House."

It was in the gardens at Sutro Heights that Trina fell from the swing and broke the tooth upon which McTeague operated in his Polk Street "dental parlours."

"I don't want to write literature," said Frank Norris to me as he stood in the doorway of his career as a novelist. "I want to write life." He found life in

OLD MISSION DOLORES. MRS. ATHERTON'S "THE SPLENDID IDLE FORTIES"

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ON THE CAMPUS STATE UNIVERSITY. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE OCTOPUS"

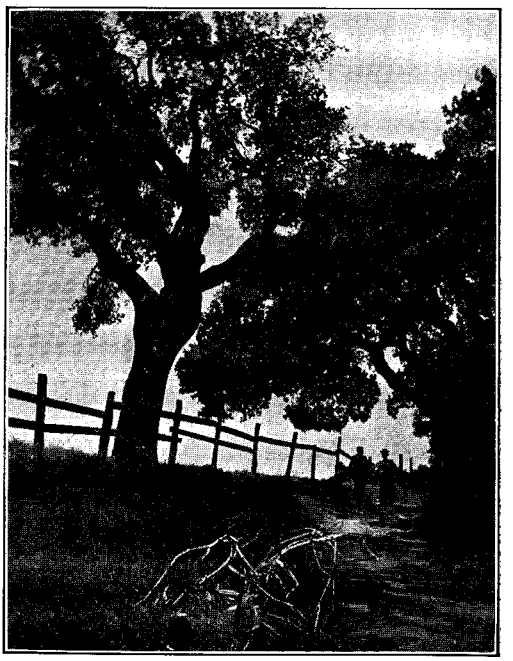
the crude, sordid folk of Polk Street. Some months before that story was written he came to me in his radiant, extravagant way and said: "I'm in the biggest luck! I've discovered the very man I've been looking for—a real man with blood and viscera in him. He's a Polk Street dentist. I'm perfectly fascinated with him. Can't think of anything else. I can see him come into my story, big, brawny, crude—a regular animal. Yes, he's commonplace enough, but that's all the better. I'm going to study him and I'm going to put him bodily into my book, all his vices and everything; and when people read him they'll say, 'There's life.'"

That is precisely what he did with his Polk Street dentist, and when W. D. Howells, that most competent appraiser of realism, read the story he said, "There's life."

That particular part of Polk Street where Norris found his precious villain McTeague was in those days a little commercial island in a sea of rather smart residences, Van Ness Avenue being only one block to the west and the fine houses of Nob Hill only a short distance to the east.

Having lived for a time within five minutes' walk of the Polk Street market, upon which the windows of the "dental parlours" looked down, I could have pointed out to you the car conductor's coffee-joint where McTeague took dinner in the first chapter, and Joe Frenna's saloon where he bought the pitcher of beer which he drank sitting in his operating chair. It is true to the picture that "at one end of the street he could see the huge power-house of the cable line" and "the bustling market with the butcher wagons in front of it," and "further on, the glass roof of a huge public bath house," the said glass roof sheltering the popular Lurline Baths. True, too, that "cable cars passed with a whirring of jostled glass windows" and that fine ladies came down from the avenue to order meat and vegetables at the market stalls. And there he and Trina lived after their marriage.

Poor Trina! I can see her, sitting in those Polk-street windows, working at her Noah's ark animals, and I can see her dead body lying on the kindergarten floor, stared at by all the incoming children; for the kindergarten murder was



BERKELEY OAKS. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE OCTOPUS"

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very real to us newspaper men who had to report it, in fact, for it actually occurred, as did also the carrying away of the canary in its cage by the murderer, though this belonged to another and older murder case and was previously used by Stevenson in his *Wrecker,* a fact that must have escaped Norris's attention, although he once told me that *The Wrecker* was his favourite novel and that he had never done reading it.

Smelly, smoky, noisy old Chinatown, which lay right under Nob Hill to the east, and was rich in literary material, games upon the grass or along the walks.

The Plaza plays a part in Mrs. Atherton's *Ancestors,* which so wonderfully describes the doomsday of quake and fire, and it also comes into a few of Norris's novels. Stevenson often loitered there within its ancient iron fence, and sacred to his memory there stands, where Kearny street travellers may see it, a handsome tablet surmounted by a bronze effigy of the *Hispaniola,* the pirate craft of *Treasure Island.*

To the east and north of the Plaza lay

THE GOLDEN GATE

Taber-Stanford Studio

was probably best pictured by Chester Bailey Fernald in his short stories, particularly "The Cat and the Cherub," and "The Gentleman in the Barrel." If old Chinatown belonged to any story writer it belonged to Fernald, who shows you the dark corners of it—the opium dens and the fan tan games—better than any of the others. On a sunny day the Plaza, otherwise known as Portsmouth Square, which extends from Kearny Street north into Chinatown beside two of its streets, Washington and Clay, was always alive with Chinese, and often one saw slant-eyed children busy with their curious

the fragrant slums of the Barbary Coast, the scene of the pivotal action of Earle Ashley Walcott's *Blindfolded.* Here in the old days the dives and dance halls were so thick that at night one could not pass from the hearing of one banging piano or strident orchestra without having one's ears smitten by another, and sometimes three or four musical performances could be heard in one clashing crescendo. The hoodlums of the old Barbary Coast used to spend much of their time in carving each other up and shooting each other down. It was a rare week that this festive locality did not

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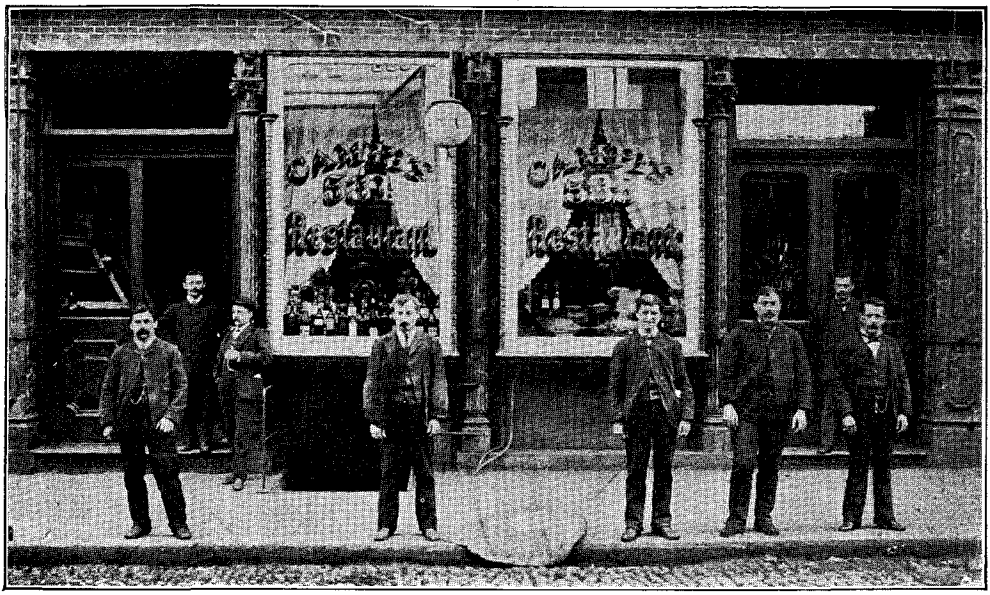

Campi's Italian Restaurant, at 531-533 Clay Street, was one of the noted eating places in the days before the fire, dating its existence from the days of 1849. The descendants of those who managed it then, the Cuenin family of to-day, have established Campi's Italian Restaurant in the heart of the new San Francisco on Market Street, a few doors from Third Street. This photograph is over thirty-five years old, the proprietor, standing by the closed doors, and the waiters—ten of them have, like the building itself, become only memories of the past.

provide a murder or two, and as for brawls such as occurred at Borton's in *Blindfolded* there were a-plenty. Such tragic adventures as those of Giles Dudley and his friend Henry Wilton were so common on the "Coast" as to call for the merest newspaper mention. I remember once seeing a great hulking patrolman carried limp and lifeless into the old Central Police Station after he had been set upon by hoodlums who had jabbed him "full of holes."

And yet, strange to say, there were many bohemian resorts on and near the "Coast." Along its slummy purlieus there were restaurants such as Sanguinetti's, the Buon Gusto and Campi's. It was "upstairs at Campi's" that the people of Gelett Burgess's *Lady Mechante* gathered on the memorable night when Professor Doolittle harangued them upon his favourite subject of "Hyperspace." Campi's was presided over by Barowich—Barowich the Slav, "whose mother was a countess and had disinherited him." "Not to know Barowich by name was a badge of the alien." Mr. Burgess has described Campi's very neatly. All old San Franciscans with red blood in their veins knew Campi's, with its dingy front, its shabby interior and its sanded floor, where you could get a gorgeous Italian dinner, including wine, for fifty cents, if you didn't mind what kind of a cloth you ate from or what kind of women sat at the next table. Everybody went there, from printers to merchant princes, and everybody had a good time. To hear the talk at the tables and to see the diners grow merry under the effects of the liberal libations of good though cheap claret were alone worth the price of admission.

Other old bohemian restaurants were the Poodle Dog, at Bush and Dupont streets, Marchand's nearby, and the Maison Dorée, on Kearny Street, only a block away. Norris and Stevenson found literary material at these resorts, and other writers have also celebrated them.

I might ramble on and tell of the way in which the Mission district has been treated by story writers, and the old sandlots, the Presidio, the Potrero, and Bernal Heights, and really I have but barely touched upon Russian Hill and

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Tar Flat; but I can hear the editor calling to me to "cut it short."

But, even at the risk of editorial displeasure, one thing must be set down here at the close, though it were worthy a better place, and that is the Market Street promenade, to which Cedarquist in *The Octopus* had reference when he said that San Francisco was "not a city but a Midway Plaisance." Along old Market Street of a Saturday afternoon one saw such girls, such gowns, and such gaiety as one would find on no other thoroughfare in the world. The matinée crowds were simply gorgeous. The street was a-flutter with swishing silks and fancy furbelows. Here beauty reigned, and everybody who was anybody turned out to see it. Truly in those good old days San Francisco was not a city but a Midway Plaisance. She is more staid and sedate now, but she is still gay enough. It takes something more violent than a mere cataclysm of Nature to wipe out the festive spirit of a people who live in such a rare and heady atmosphere as that of San Francisco.

Bailey Millard.

JOURNALISTIC "MORGUES"

HILE inspecting the plant and offices of one of the great metropolitan daily newspapers two years ago, a Japanese banker asked his cicerone, the city editor, what, in the latter's belief, constituted the biggest element in the oft-repeated "power of the press." "Wait a moment," replied the editor, "and I shall show you." The two men wound their way through the narrow correspondents' halls, through the offices of the various officials, through the noisy city room with its score of busy reporters, and, finally, brought up at the threshold of a light-bathed room, stacked to the ceilings with books, catalogues, files, albums and records. "Here, sir," said the editor to the foreign financier, "is your answer."

The room in question was the "morgue," a word that, in newspapermen's phraseology, stands for that department of the paper wherein are kept the keys to the news that has passed, the "dead" news, in other words. In "dead" news, however, rest such vast resuscitative possibilities, such important clues for the future as well as of the past, and such an infallible, indelible record and guide that the statement of the trained editor was well chosen. A newspaper's morgue (and we will henceforth omit quotation marks) is one of its chief sources of power, a fact that is borne testimony to by the knowledge that the greatest of the New York dailies are those that possess the most exhaustive morgues.

The public in general, the huge body of newspaper readers, know little, if anything, of this journalistic department. The writer was never more forcibly impressed with this fact than when he was once asked by a prominent official of a widely known insurance company whether it was not true that the editors of a newspaper had to keep all the facts of past news in their memory for future use. Imagine! Here was a man, well educated and a daily reader of the newspapers, who really imagined that all the important and unimportant details of the past thirty or forty years of news were remembered—and had to be remembered—by the editors. This man was not and is not alone, moreover, in his impression. The great majority of persons, although they may not believe as the insurance official did, have not the faintest idea of the manner in which a newspaper keeps its fingers on the past and its eyes on the future.

A newspaper morgue is usually defined as a library—a most unsatisfactory and incomplete definition. Within a newspaper office, the morgue is sometimes referred to as the index department—a

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better characterisation. To explain in full, however, the comprehensive nature of one of these morgues, more than a phrase is necessary. In the first place, the most important side of the department is that devoted to the news catalogues. These catalogues take the form of hundreds of small, cloth-bound books with detachable leaves. There is not one long alphabetically arranged list of the indexes, as may be supposed. The books are arranged, rather, in a score of series. For example, there are the "suicide" index book cases, the "railroad" cases, the "murder" cases, the "accident" cases, and so on down the long list of everything physically and mechanically emotional in the national category. Each of the individual series is arranged in alphabetical order in itself, but this arrangement does not obtain in the relation of the cases to one another. Cross references, however, of a seemingly complex yet eventually simple nature, make it easy to join the news of the day with any conjoint item of twenty years ago. In the indexes, there is chronicled every item of news that is contained from day to day in the editions of not only the particular newspaper most concerned, but also those items that have slipped by the specific editorial desks and have found their places in rival journals.

The efficiency and scope of the index department may be illustrated most easily by an example of what occurs many times every day in every newspaper office. A small item of news comes or is brought to the office, let us say, to the effect that a ragged man whose features carry traces of refinement has been found dead in a cheap Bowery lodging house. In his coat pocket a card has been found inscribed with the name of Andrew Jones. The day city editor appreciates the fact that there is probably not one chance in a thousand that there may be a "story" in this man's death of sufficient interest to merit the attention of his readers, but he refuses to let the chance of that one chance go by. A man is sent to the index room, an attendant gets him the book in the personality case marked Jones, and, turning over the pages, there is revealed under the head of Andrew Jones the fact that on June 15, 1889, the dead man had been sent to prison for a long term of years for alleged forgery. The files of the newspaper of the date named are then turned up and, in the article on page five, column six (according to the tabulated index), there is found the interesting clue that Jones was a member of a prominent Massachusetts family.

Further research among the Jones chronicles in the index catalogues brings to light the facts that Andrew Jones's brother married the latter's wife when she obtained a divorce during her husband's term of imprisonment, that the brother had died mysteriously several years later, and that the wife had then disappeared. And the result of this search in the index department thus brings about one of the big "human interest" stories of the day where, if it had not been for the completeness of the morgue system, the story would have been lost to the columns in the scant five line chronicle of the death from asphyxiation of an ordinary Bowery tramp. This illustration has been given purposely because of its seeming exaggeration. As a matter of fact, the incident is a true one.

The obituary department of a well-equipped morgue is arranged so effectively that if a person of any prominence dies a short while before the edition is scheduled to go to press, the story of his life from birth to death may be gathered in the intervening minutes. His photograph, too, is identified from among the great store of made-up "cuts" by a number, and the world is given the complete history of the deceased, together with a reproduction of his likeness, in a minimum amount of time. If it were not for the morgue records it would take several reporters many hours to obtain the facts that are thus kept always on hand and in readiness. It is related that, upon once being shown the obituary department in one of the New York newspaper morgues, the late Dion Boucicault remarked to the attendant who had handed him the filed records of his life: "Why, even I myself had forgotten many of the episodes in my career that you have in this index."

The libraries of the best morgues contain historical, scientific and philosophical

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works for purposes of reference for the news writers. In addition, there are cyclopædic volumes, catalogues of social, political and charitable societies and organisations, college statistical pamphlets and every other type of work that, at some time or another, may be needed for cross or direct reference.

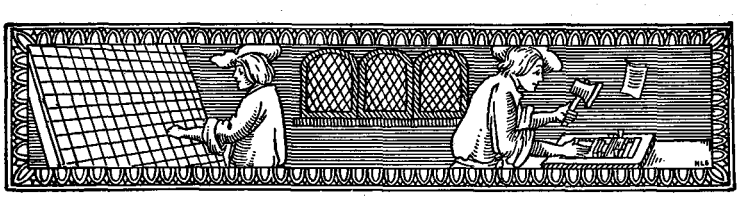
Not only is the news concerned, however, in a complete morgue. Literature assumes its place there as well. The works of famous writers of fact and fiction are listed for reference and a secondary array of books containing keys to various lines and episodes in the literary volumes are kept on hand to render examination of any specific passage readily and quickly manageable. In this manner, the writer of, for instance, an article for the Sunday edition of the newspaper may determine in a very few minutes what line follows a certain quotation from Shakespeare or Chaucer, or from Byron or Tennyson, as the case may be. He may, furthermore, guard himself against inaccuracy in quotations with a small expenditure of time and, with the aid of the facile morgue, may convey to his readers the impression of a deep and all-embracing knowledge of the prose and verse classics.

A newspaper morgue must be constantly enlarged and expanded. For instance, when the automobile became a factor of importance in our civilisation it became necessary to inaugurate an automobile department, wherein were classified in a chain of series automobile accidents, race records, bold speed chronicles, arrests, et cetera. To-day, the aeroplane has necessitated a like series of catalogued files.

The manner in which an idea for a so-called "special story" may be made to assume concrete form through the channels of the morgue may be illustrated from a personal experience. The writer was once asked by the editor in charge of the Sunday magazine section of one of the leading metropolitan dailies to prepare an article for him on college heroes who had made a fiasco of life in after years. It was anything but an easy subject, as may be imagined, inasmuch as the accounts of men who have been prominent in university life during their undergraduate days and who have come to sad ends subsequently in the more real world are few indeed and far between. The editor in point, however, was one of the class who believes college life spells eventual ruin and insisted that enough examples be obtained to prove his belief in black and white.

By delving into the morgue, by crossing references of a hundred college heroes with those of suicide, murder, the courts, automobile disaster, the prisons and other equally pleasant index elements, and by turning up the names of failures and crossing back to the records of their college achievements, it became possible to locate seven or eight spectacular cases of failure which served as a peg on which to hang the story the editor desired.

George Jean Nathan.



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ODE

To-night, on Madagascar's shores, dark hands
  Are lifted to the wide benignant sky.
To-night, where green oases with the sands
Of Libya mate, dark hands
  Are lifted up on high;
Are lifted up in yearning through the bars
That keep man's soul in exile from the stars.

To-night, on Himalaya's slopes, a voice
  Over the world's white roof takes its high way.
  In Italy to-night, in Uruguay,
Where'er men toil and suffer and rejoice
Unto the stars, a voice
  Leaps like the day.
To-night in every hamlet of Cathay,
  In parchéd India, hark!
  A voice! that cleaves the daylight or the dark
In gladness or dismay.
To-night in cities old and new
  Where'er men strive and feel the yoke,
  A voice! that rises through the smoke
Into the far, responsive blue.
Laughter and pain, passion and sweet delight,
      Glory and wrong!—
Hark, how they seek the kindly stars to-night
      In song!

Oh, strange telegraphy that links man's soul
  With the bright spheres! Song! By whose flashing beams
  Unto the watching stars he tells his dreams,
  His passions; and his gleams
Of perfectness. The circling heavens roll
  Onward, and give no answer; without cease
  Pale orbs, unswerving, through the airy fleece
Hold their arched way; yet still, yet still
From dusky window, dewy hill
  The songs rise up, and silver stars give peace.

Song! In whose crucible man's tears
  Are purged of bitterness, his joy
  Cleansed of its cumbering alloy
Of daily hopes and fears;
His passion burned to purity,
  His love, his anger made divine,
  His very human self, a shrine
Where gods would gladly be.

Song! To the stars a glorious symphony
  Blent of the million little songs goes forth!—
  The anthems of the singers of the North,
The cry with lifted hands by southern sea;
  The West's loud clamour and the Orient's dirge
  In one glad surge
Of heavenly melody!

Hermann Hagedorn.

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THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, SHOWING THE LYRIC, APOLLO, GLOBE, AND QUEEN'S THEATRE

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

GOING TO THE THEATRE IN LONDON

ONDON is at its best in May and June. It is then that the climate is most clement. There is scarcely any fog, and rain comes only now and then in brief and sprightly showers. Parliament is in session; the opera is on at Covent Garden; it is the time of shows and exhibitions; and all society has come up from the country for a three months' residence in town. This year the London season has been less brilliant than heretofore, owing to the recent death of the most popular of European monarchs; women have appeared in black or white or a grave admixture of the two; but in accordance with the wish so tactfully expressed by King George at his accession, hardly any of the customary activities of society have been foregone, and though London has enjoyed itself more quietly than usual, it has enjoyed itself in all the usual ways. It is fortunate for Americans of culture and taste that the London season should not conflict in time with the social season at home. Only after New York has ceased to be enjoyable does London don the fine attire of delight; and those who follow the social flag may float with it over the Gulf Stream on the wings of the best weather of the year. And, furthermore, it is peculiarly fortunate for the many Americans who do not happen to know any people in London, that they may, in spite of being strangers, enjoy the fine flavour of the aristocratic life

This article is frankly for summer reading. It has nothing to do with English dramatic art standards or the tendencies of the English stage. The understanding with Mr. Hamilton when he sailed for Europe late in May was that he should write an article for the August number which should ignore the plays entirely, but should tell about going to the theatre in London, and what an American traveller should know in order to make himself thoroughly at home. The photographs with which this article is illustrated were made especially for THE BOOKMAN through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Frohman.

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of the metropolis by the simple process of going to the theatre. For theatre-going in London is acknowledged as one of the functions of society. This, of course, is not the case either in New York or in Paris. In New York our audiences are heterogeneous and *mal choisi,* and the stranger may sit in a theatre night after night without obtaining any index to the real social tone of the city. In Paris also, in recent years, audiences have become helter skelter, and to see a good play is no longer to see a convening of the best of Paris. But in London the audience in any of the better theatres maintains itself steadily upon a high level of refinement. The best people go to the theatre; and, in looking about the stalls, one is almost persuaded to believe none but the best. There is about the mere act of theatre-going in London an aroma of gentility which is not appreciable elsewhere and which is a source of charm quite unrelated to the merits of the play. For whatever critical opinions one may form concerning English plays and English acting, there can be no denying that the mere experience of going to the theatre in London is immeasurably more pleasing than the analogous experience in America. The reason is not only that the audience, which contributes so much to one's enjoyment of a play, is far more elegant in appearance and in atmosphere, but also that the theatres themselves are conducted with a delicacy of taste which is almost unknown in New York.

BOOKING THE SEATS

For the ordinary American visitor, the special pleasure of attending the theatre in London begins at the moment when he books his seats—or, as we should say it, buys his tickets. When he steps up to the box-office, he will discover with pleasant surprise that it is conducted by a gentleman who speaks the English language, wears the clothes appropriate to the varying hours of the day, and receives him with courtesy and consideration. The names of the men in charge of all the box-offices in London are published in the daily papers; and the public, knowing distinctly who they are, is habituated to expect impeccable attention from them. For the critic, who is denied the pleasure of buying his seats from the faultless gentlemen in the box-offices, there lies a compensation in the fact that the acting managers of the different houses are men of culture and taste, whom it is a positive pleasure to meet and to chat with between the acts and after the play. Their courtesy is not merely professional; they belong, intellectually and socially, to the same class as the artists whose work they set before the public; and it is, for an American, a pleasant adventure to discover that in London the theatre business is, in all its branches, a business of gentlemen.

"SIXPENCE, PLEASE"

On the evening of the performance, the visitor is met in the lobby by a uniformed attendant who directs him to a girl who acts as usher. These girls, if they are not always pretty, are always nice—in the proper sense of that abused and suffering adjective—and look very dainty in their little caps and aprons. The visitor is led down an intricate and winding passage with many stairs, and pauses on the way to check his hat and coat. For this service there is a stated charge of sixpence, which obviates all question about tips. The visitor is then shown to his seat in the stalls, and immediately experiences the one annoyance of the evening. The girl hands him a programme and says "Sixpence, please," with an habituated smile. The visitor's last sixpenny coin has somehow always been given to the attendant in the cloakroom, and he is now forced to undertake an ignominious search of many pockets in order to collect half a dozen of those bulky copper pieces no two of which can be carried in the same pocket without increasing the tailor's bill. The programme purchased at so great a bother consists of a meadow of advertisements through which meanders a rivulet of essential text. [One somehow cannot avoid in this connection the language of the incomparable Brinsley.] The cost of the programme has already been defrayed many times over by the advertisements; and a gentleman who has paid a guinea for two stalls is doomed to look awkwardly unaristocratic throughout that troubled searching of his clothes.

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Why not spare him all the bother by charging more for his tickets and giving him the programme free? Whenever any British custom puzzles the American because it is at variance with common sense, he may always explain the custom to himself if he will look back into history. To the British mind, the best reason for doing anything is that people have always done it, and the best reason for not doing a certain thing is that people have never done it. These two axioms are the fundamental principles of British behaviour, British morality, and British taste. In fact, as statesmen are well aware, these two principles, and these alone, constitute the British Constitution. People in London, therefore, pay for their programmes for the sufficient reason that they have always done so. One of the managers, some time ago, tried the experiment of giving his programmes away, but the public protested so vehemently that he was obliged to reimpose the tax of sixpence. At the present time, in all of Mr. Charles Frohman's theatres, programmes are given to the audience without charge at every first performance; but so strong is British habit that most of the auditors mechanically hand sixpence to the programme girls, who accept the money as a tip and reap a large harvest from the occasion.

BOX OFFICE OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

THE LONDON STALLS

After the American visitor has bought his programme, he makes a discovery that lifts him to silence on a peak in Darien. This is nothing less than the astounding fact that he can really sit in his seat, instead of dangling his limbs upon it like a coat upon a rack. Wonder of wonders, he has room for his knees! The stalls in a London orchestra are really articles of furniture, commodious and comfortable. In Mr. Cyril Maude's exquisite theatre, known as The Playhouse, each chair sits solidly on four legs, and has two arms and a back that fit the human body; and in the St. James's Theatre, which is conducted by Mr. George Alexander, and is perhaps the finest playhouse in London, a space of no less than

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two feet and a half is left between the knees of the spectator and the back of the chair in front of him. Knees, after all, were not intended by a kind Creator to be scraped; and a lady's back hair is one of those sights of nature concerning which the poet remarked that distance lends enchantment to the view.

Looking about him in the stalls, the visitor perceives that everybody, without exception, is in evening dress and is the sort of person he would gladly ask to dinner. He feels like a member of a large theatre party; he is among his own people; and there arises a delightful sense of being at home which he can rarely experience in New York. Such conversation as he overhears does not jangle on the auditory nerve; he knows that the names of the people beside him are easily pronounceable by the Anglo-Saxon tongue; he suspects even that they know who wrote the play. They have somehow heard the name of J. M. Synge and would understand the difference between Maude Adams and J. M. Barrie.

THE PIT

In the orchestra there are only eight or ten rows of stalls; and immediately behind them is the pit, which is walled off by a barrier, or fence, that stretches clear across the theatre. In the pit there are no individual seats—merely rows of long benches on which the people sit rather closely together. It is, of course, impossible to reserve seats in advance; and people who are going to the pit have to come early on the evening of the performance in order to secure the best places. Hence, in the case of a popular play, a long queue of people may be seen at seven o'clock stretching from the pit door all along the sidewalk, waiting for the house to open. They keep their places very patiently in line, united by a common mood of pleasurable anticipation. One manager, a while ago, tried the experiment of selling reserved seats in the pit, at the usual price; but to this the pit people objected strenuously, on the ground that they could seldom know in advance just when they would find themselves possessed of that happy combination of money and an evening off which would permit of theatre-going, and preferred to take their chances waiting in line when the fortunate opportunity arrived. The pit is patronised by people of a very estimable class, and is often frequented by well-educated men and women who wish to save money and do not care to dress. Whereas a seat in the stalls costs half a guinea (or approximately two dollars and fifty cents), a place in the pit costs only two and six (or approximately sixty cents); and the play can be seen very nearly as well. In the pit the same programme that is sold in the stalls for sixpence is sold for twopence; and the pit has a refreshment bar of its own which is cheaper than the main bar of the theatre. Of course the real reason why there is a pit in the London theatre is that there has always been a pit; that in itself is sufficient for the British mind; but it must be admitted that the system is, on grounds of common sense, an exceedingly good one. It serves to dress the house, by providing one place for people who are in evening dress and another for people who are not; it places one of the most desirable sections of the auditorium at the service of that important class of the theatre-going community that cannot afford to pay more than sixty cents; it makes it possible for a person who is willing to wait a long time in the queue to see an exceedingly popular play on any evening that he chooses, even though all of the reserved seats for that performance may have been sold out many days in advance; and furthermore it obliterates that pest of the New York theatre, the ticket speculator.

DRESS CIRCLE, BALCONY AND SHILLING GALLERY

Above the pit there are usually three galleries. The lowest and best of these is called the Dress Circle. Here the charge for seats is seven and six (or approximately one dollar and eighty cents) and people usually dress. The next gallery, called the Balcony, is cheaper and is above the zone of evening dress. Topmost of all is the Shilling Gallery, in which the seats are not reserved, and for which another queue forms in the street before the theatre opens. It will be seen, therefore, that just as one may

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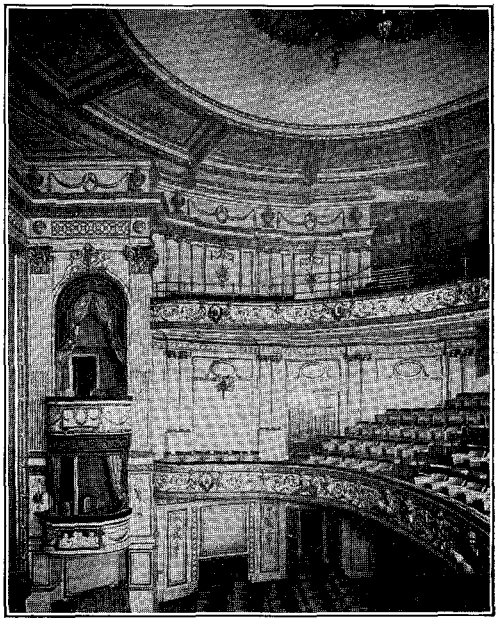
travel first, second, or third class on a British railway, so one may go to the theatre first class, in the stalls or the dress circle, second class, in the pit, or third class, in the shilling gallery. There is no pretence at a general and democratic commingling of upper, middle, and lower classes in the auditorium. The dramatic critic may seriously consider this segregation of the classes to be detrimental in its effect upon the dramatic art, since the dramatist undoubtedly can do his best with an audience in which all classes are commingled and dissolved into a single crowd; but the visitor must admit that the class system is greatly conducive to the comfort of the individual. He can choose his own place and can be sure of feeling at home with his neighbours.

THE CURTAIN-RAISER

The play of the evening usually begins at nine. In London the best people dine at least an hour later than they do in New York—a custom which undoubtedly owes its origin to the long daylight of the northern latitude. In London in the month of June it is easily possible to read a newspaper in the street at nine o'clock without the aid of artificial light. Till nine the stalls are empty; but the people in the pit, who had to come early, need to be amused, and the play of the evening is therefore preceded by a curtain-raiser, which begins at half-past eight. Sometimes, as at the Comedy Theatre this season, the initial entertainment is furnished by a performer at the piano; but more often it consists of a one-act play. These little pieces, which are directed at the pit and gallery, usually stand upon a lower level of art than the main piece. In America our playwrights nearly all seem eager to write one-act plays and complain because there is no market for them; and to the American critic in London it seems surprising that a better use is not made by English authors of the opportunity afforded them. Of all the one-act plays disclosed in London during the present season only two showed any merit. One of these, by Mr. Barrie, was put on as an afterpiece; the other, by George Pastor, was used as a curtain-raiser. If an enterprising agent should gather up two dozen of the one-act plays which are now lying idle in the trunks of our American playwrights and bring them over to London, he might find a ready market for them and help to ameliorate the weakest feature of the London stage.

BETWEEN THE ACTS

The *entr'acte* in a London theatre is a delightful interval. If the visitor wishes to remain in his seat, he may listen to an orchestra that is worth listening to; and if he wishes to leave his seat, he may do



AUDITORIUM OF THE GLOBE THEATRE

Photograph by Bedford, Lemere and Company

so without treading on anybody's toes or falling into anybody's lap. To pass out from the very middle of a row is not a physical affliction, and may be accomplished without occasioning scowls. Each theatre is provided with a bar, which is an integral part of the establishment. It is not, indeed, conducted by the theatre manager. The manager sublets the privilege of the bar; and the privilege of selling the programme usually goes to the same man as part of the contract. On the managerial ledger, this arrangement subtracts a considerable figure from

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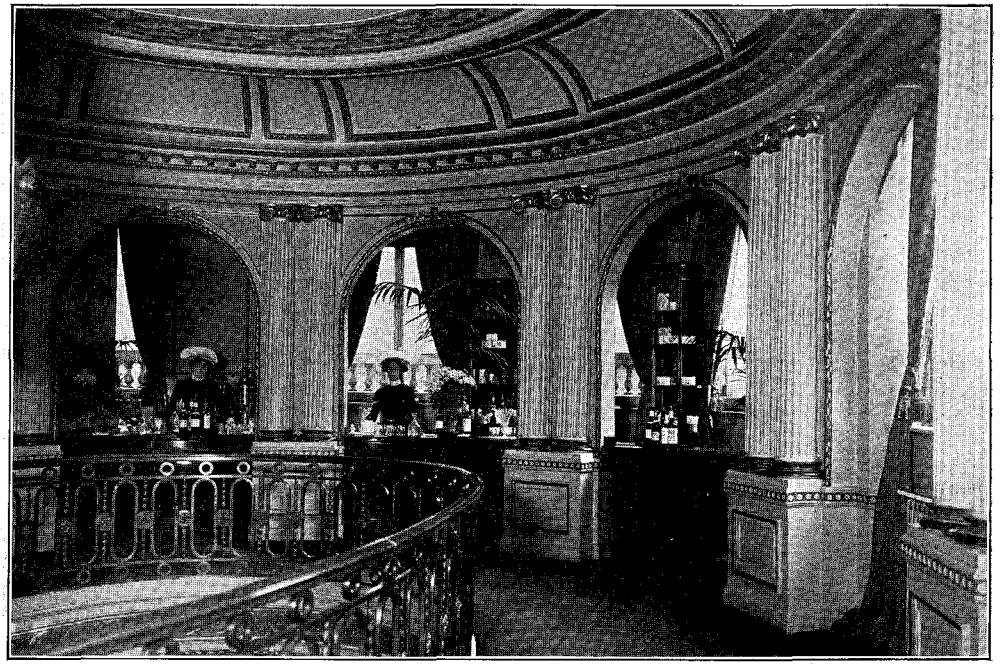
the item of the rent of the house. And the bar is a great convenience to the thirsty members of the audience. It is not necessary to plunge forth into the cold grey air of night in search of a half-caste café around the corner. In the bar of the Duke of York's Theatre one evening, the genial manager of that very hospitable house propounded a theory that the cause of the chronic colds that afflict many American gentlemen was this uncivilised necessity of rushing out of an overheated theatre into the chill of an American winter night; and the only American present could not deny the soft impeachment. An English actor present suggested this as a cause of the American nasal habit of speech; and if the bell had not rung to announce the next curtain, a lengthy lecture on the relation between liquidation and elocution might have been developed from the theme. For such a flight of fancy the bar of the Duke of York's is a very comfortable place. But the bar of the Globe Theatre is perhaps the most pleasant in London. It is circular in form, looking down through a central opening to the lobby below, and also opening out upon a balcony over Shaftesbury Avenue. Drinks, in all the theatres, as indeed in practically every bar in England, are served by girls instead of men. There is about these bar-maids an air of hospitable homeliness—in the correct, historic sense of that most beautiful of words—that raises the entire tone of public drinking in England. But to set forth all the psychologic reasons why bar-maids are preferable to bar-tenders, one would need the felicity of Elia and the scope of an entire essay. In the theatres, the bar-maids are affable without being unpleasantly familiar, and one is glad to meet them. Smoking between the acts is enjoyed both in the bar and in the lobby. Nobody leaves the precincts of the theatre, and there is therefore no necessity for our American system of giving out return checks and gathering them in again.



BAR OF THE GLOBE THEATRE, LONDON. OPENING ON A LOBBY BENEATH, AND ON A BALCONY OVER SHAFTESBURY AVENUE

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

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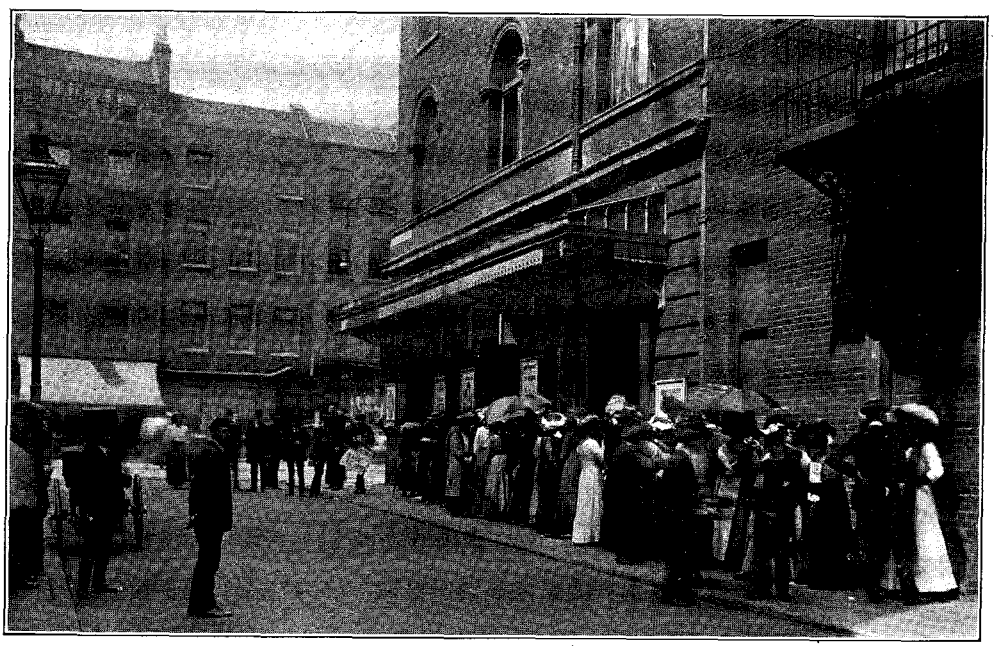
Meanwhile, during the *entr'acte,* the ladies of the audience are not left without attention. The programme girls circulate about, selling ices, coffee, sweets, and cakes from dainty trays; or if the performance be a matinée, they pass out individual services of tea. In a theatre so well equipped as The Playhouse, there is a sort of little counter projecting from the backs of the row of stalls in front of the spectator, on which he may set his tea-tray and serve himself in comfort. To the American visitor it looks at first a little quaint to see fully a third of a matinée audience taking tea in this manner between the acts. It is, however, a very comfortable custom and contributes to that feeling of the individual in the stalls that he is socially a factor in one large theatre-party.



QUEUE WAITING AT THE PIT DOOR OF THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

VITAL DEFECTS

If the social tone and managerial conduct of the London theatres are far superior to the tone and conduct of our own, it must be urged, upon the other hand, that in the scientific construction of our theatre-buildings we stand easily in advance of the British. A London theatre is, as a rule, less broad and considerably more deep than a house of similar capacity in New York. The British have not yet learned to build that wide and shallow type of theatre, exemplified by the Lyceum, the Belasco-Stuyvesant, and the Maxine Elliott in New York, which brings all of the spectators into appreciable proximity to the stage; indeed, because of the necessary presence of the pit, it is impossible that they should build it. But the most vital defect of theatre building in London is the habit, everywhere adhered to, of digging a hole deep down in the ground for the stalls and the pit, instead of planting these vital sections of the house on a level with the street. In a typical London theatre, one steps from the street into the lobby and then directly into the dress circle, or first balcony, which is on a level with the lobby. In order to get to the stalls, it is necessary to pass down a long and intricate passage which curves around the pit and descends gradually or abruptly to a level which is an entire story underground. From the stalls there is no exit

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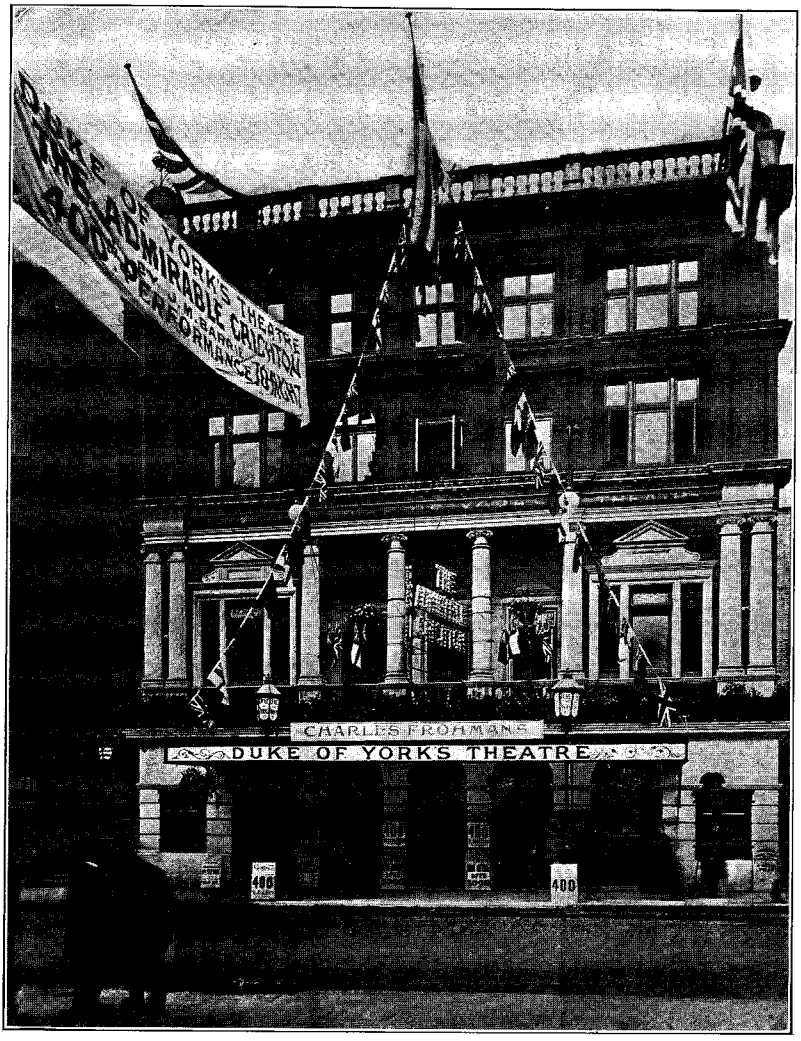

EXTERIOR OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, DECORATED FOR A GALA PERFORMANCE

backward through the pit, and only one exit on each side, giving upon a winding passage that leads uphill, or upstairs, or both. In the event of a sudden terrible fire, everybody in the stalls would be entombed and burned alive. The main lobby of the theatre would immediately be choked by refugees from the dress circle; and the two intricate uphill exits from the stalls would be of no service in a panic. This fact was admitted to the present writer by most of the managers with whom he talked the matter over; and yet they could advance no explanation of the general adherence to this plan of building except that "that was the way in which London theatres had always been built." From this point of view the worst theatre in London is one which ranks artistically among the very best—namely, the home-theatre of Sir Charles Wyndham, the Criterion, in Piccadilly Circus. The Criterion is constructed entirely underground; its roof is on a level with the street, a restaurant occupying the visible building above it; and to get out of any part of the theatre it is necessary to climb up many steps and twist through long and winding passages. Since the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, no such edifice could ever have secured a theatre license in any city of

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America. The London fire department insists that, in every theatre, the safety curtain shall be lowered and raised between the acts in order to prove to the audience that it is in good working order; but the precaution of setting the stalls and the pit on a level with the ground, so that they may be emptied at once into the streets, does not seem to have occurred to the imagination of the London builders. Another point that has apparently escaped them is that, for people in a hurry, it is easier to climb down than to climb up.

It is curious to notice this deficiency of common sense in the planning of edifices which in all matters of æsthetic taste are so superior to our own. The Criterion, crowded with a distinguished audience, presents a finer appearance than any theatre in America; and the fact that it is a fire-trap escapes the eye. The decoration of nearly all the London theatres is simple, chaste, and dignified; some of them, like The Playhouse and the St. James's, are exceedingly beautiful—the curtain of the latter, designed in imitation of old tapestry, being a delight to the eye; and nowhere is the spectator assailed by anything so preposterous as the peacock proscenium of the New Amsterdam Theatre or so horrid as the sugar-pastry boxes of the Hackett Theatre in New York.

CERTAIN THEATRES, CERTAIN PLAYS

The conservative and habitual temper of the London public is displayed in the fact that it always expects the same type of play in any given theatre. Each house has an acknowledged character of its own, to which it is expected to live up—or down, as the case may be. From one point of view, this system is a great advantage. A person may trust a certain theatre to afford him a certain sort of entertainment, and may safely go to it without even inquiring the name of the play. He will never run foul of any such incongruity as the production of *Lulu's Husbands* in the Maxine Elliott Theatre two days after *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* had folded its tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. But, on the other hand, the system is such that an excellent play may be doomed to failure merely because it has been produced in the wrong house. A good Conan Doyle melodrama would fail at the Criterion; a good Henry Arthur Jones comedy would fail at the Adelphi. One of the main reasons why Mr. Henry Miller failed in London with *The Great Divide* and *The Servant in the House,* for example, was that he appeared at the Adelphi. People had never done such plays there; and this fundamental British reason was in itself sufficient to keep the public away. Yet, to revert to the other side of the argument, it is good to know that one may always bank upon the Criterion for politeness, on the St. James's for elegance, and so on through the catalogue. It relieves the theatre-goer of a great deal of bothersome investigation of managerial advertisements.

The most significant fact about the entire process of going to the theatre in London, in so far as that process differs from our own, is that it greatly emphasises the pleasure of anticipation. The people who wait in line for the pit door to open experience this pleasure to the full. Theirs is really the halcyon experience that is recorded so movingly by Lamb in the *Essays of Elia.* By waiting for something they desire, they increase their own delight in the thing they wait for. But even in the stalls, if the visitor comes early, the curtain-raiser will be found to whet his appetite for the longer play to follow. Even if he does not come till nine, he will find that the audience is careful to get seated before the important piece begins. London theatre-goers do not, like those of New York, habitually insult the dramatist, the actors, and their fellow-auditors by strolling in throughout the act of exposition. Every detail of the experience of theatre-going, from the first delightful buying of the tickets, seems ordained to lead up fitly to that hushed and breathless moment when the curtain rises on a mystic and imaginary world.

LONDON THEATRE DISTRICTS

Shaftesbury Avenue, which curves northeastward like a comet's tail out of the nucleus of Piccadilly Circus, is now the main artery of the London theatre district; but there is still a sprinkling of

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older theatres along the Strand, and another collection of first-class houses in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane. None of these streets, however, bears any real resemblance to New York's Great White Way. The electric signs of the theatres are less garish and in better taste, and the streets are processional with cabs. The only place that at all reminds the visitor of the meretricious glitter of Broadway is Leicester Square, in which most of the music halls are congregated. Here there is a gleam of garish light and a sense of painted ladies disappearing up darkened byways. But Shaftesbury Avenue preserves at night an atmosphere of elegance and restraint.

After the theatre in London, there is nothing that parallels at all the café life of New York. By far the greatest number of habituated theatre-goers drive quietly home in cabs and go to bed. Almost the only good place for an after-theatre supper is the Carlton; and this is frequented mainly by visitors to London, rather than by the inhabitants themselves. Apart from the great hotels, there are no cafés of the highest class. Even those of the second class thin out at midnight and close their doors at half past twelve. After the latter hour it is difficult to buy a drink in London. The lights are dark. The streets are silent, except for the occasional clatter of a belated cab-horse. Mysteriously, in the short space of an hour, the great, gigantic city has shut its eyes and gone to sleep. By three o'clock the sky has brightened with a northern dawn; but there is nobody abroad to watch the miracle, except a few milkmen and an occasional American who is not used to early hours. Perhaps this soft subsidence into midnight of the entire theatre-going population is the final touch of elegance and aristocracy, of conservatism and tradition—the last harmonic height of the serenely and beautifully planned—which distinguishes the delicate experience of going to the theatre in London.

Clayton Hamilton.

WHEN LOVE GOES

I

Oh Mother, I am sick of love,
I wake before the dawn is red,
My bitter dreams have broken me,
I would my love were dead.

"Drink of the cup I brew for thee,
"Thou shalt have quiet in its stead."

II

Where is the silver in the rain,
Where is the music in the sea,
Where is the bird that sang all day
To break my heart with melody?

"The night you bade Love fly away
"He hid them all from thee."

Sara Teasdale.

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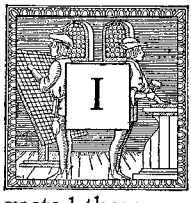
THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

I—The Inborn Talent

It is always helpful, in writings possessing even the mildest of text-book flavour, for author and reader to start with a clear mutual understanding of scope and purpose. The best way in which to forestall that aggrieved sense which a student often feels of having derived no profit from a certain article or book or lecture course, is to say frankly, at the outset: "Here, in brief, is what we intend to do. If your individual case falls outside these limits, you will waste your time, since it belongs upon the list of what we have no intention of doing."



IN the present series of articles on "The Craftsmanship of Writing," the best and quickest way to reach this helpful understanding is to explain what first suggested them, and what results it is hoped that they will achieve. There has probably never been a time when so large a number of men and women, of all sorts and conditions, have yielded to the lure of authorship—and the elemental, naïve and random questions that they often ask shows that there has never been a time when so many were in need of a word of friendly guidance. And this is precisely what the present articles claim to be. They do not pretend to point a royal road to literature—to furnish a new philosopher's stone for transmuting ordinary citizens into famous poets and novelists. They have no ambition to create new authors—since authors worthy of the name are born, not made—nor to compete with the efforts of our college English Departments, our summer lecture courses, our correspondence schools and literary agencies—for we have a surfeit of these already. The aim of "The Craftsmanship of Writing" is nothing more pretentious than to help would-be writers to reach a somewhat saner, more logical understanding of the real nature of the profession they are entering upon, both on its technical and its artistic side; to discount its delays and disappointments; and above all, to learn to help themselves by intelligent self-criticism.

The Purpose of this Series

For it is a somewhat curious fact that there is no other line of intellectual work in which a man or a woman may remain, through months and years, so fundamentally ignorant of his or her real worth.

Now the reason why a struggling author may waste years of misdirected effort, without knowing just how good or bad his productions really are, is not difficult to explain. The sources of any workman's knowledge of his worth are practically only three in number: the market value of his ware; his own self-criticism, and the opinions of others. Now it is a common experience among young authors to find through weary months that their wares apparently have no market value at all—this does away with the first source. Secondly, the ability to criticise one's self in a detached, impartial way is one of the rarest of human faculties—and not a bit less rare in authors than in other people. Yet, unfortunately, it is upon his own judgment that every young writer must very largely depend. For there is probably no other craft or employment in which it is so difficult to obtain a really authoritative opinion—for the excellent reason that in no other craft or employment is there such a lack of any general requirement, any standard of apprenticeship. Indeed, it is often as hard to guess the potential powers of a beginner in letters as to predict how a raw recruit is likely to conduct himself under fire. Let us, therefore, take up separately these two questions: First, the various kinds of critical opinion a young author is able

An Author's Knowledge of His Work

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to obtain upon his writings; secondly, the nature and degree of systematic training it is possible for him to acquire.

But first let us ask one more preliminary detail: where does the raw recruit in the army of authorship mainly come from? In other trades and professions there is some sort of selective barrier: a college degree, a regent's certificate, a Civil Service examination, a Union Membership, some sort of initial guarantee of fitness. Then, too, in many cases, there is the prohibitive question of expense. It costs both time and money to become a lawyer or a physician—even to go upon the stage means nowadays a year or two in a dramatic school, if one does not want to start with a handicap. In contrast, writing seems so simple; pen and ink, a pad of paper, a table in a quiet corner—these to the uninitiated seem to be the net amount of required capital. Frank Norris, in a burst of rather curious optimism, once wrote, "The would-be novel writer may determine between breakfast and dinner to essay the plunge, buy (for a few cents) ink and paper between dinner and supper, and have the novel under way before bedtime. How much of an outlay does his first marketable novel represent? Practically nothing." Mr. Norris seems for the moment to have forgotten that his own first "marketable novel," *McTeague* (although published subsequently to *Moran of the Lady Letty*), represented careful labour scattered over the period of four years, and that a portion of it at least necessitated quite literally a further outlay than that of ink and paper, being submitted in part fulfilment of the requirements of a course at Harvard University.

The Literary Raw Recruit

Now, as in every other attempt to obtain a high rate of interest upon a small investment, the results are extremely precarious. The difference in this particular case of the beginner in literature is that the fault lies less with the investment than with the investors. Out of a hundred beginners, taken at random, no two have had the same sort or degree of training, the same advantages of worldly knowledge, the same allotment of that special fitness which it is convenient to speak of as the Inborn Talent. And it would be most extraordinary if all of them, or any considerable portion of them should have. The field is open to all comers, without prejudice of colour, sex or age. And so we find competing side by side, the university man, with half a dozen letters after his name; the young woman from some Western farm, who thinks herself a second Mrs. Browning; the underpaid teacher, the starveling minister, the physician with a dwindling practice, who seek to eke out a meagre income with an occasional magazine article; the society woman and the man of leisure whose whim it is to see themselves in print; the suffragette, the sweet young graduate, the whole motley host that, rightly or wrongly, believe themselves to have the Inborn Talent. Now, if these new writers seek advice—and sooner or later they practically all of them do—from whom can they seek it? What avenues are open to them?

A Young Author's Critic

Some writers, of course, are more fortunately placed than others, in this respect; but in practice it will be found that the usual sources of criticism, whether favourable or hostile, narrow down to four: I. The biased opinions of interested friends; II. The bought opinions of professional advisers; III. The rejections or acceptances of editors, either with or without comment; IV. The published criticisms in the review departments of newspapers and magazines. Now, as already said, there is a certain degree of luck in all four of these sources of criticism. Thus, to take them up in order, the opinions of the first class may not always be biased. A young author may have the good luck to number among his friends or relatives one or more authors of big accomplishment and fine discernment who may serve the place of literary godfather, and who in rare and wonderful instances, such as that of Flaubert and Maupassant, actualise that ideal form of apprenticeship which all the arts enjoy save only that of letters. Again, it sometimes happens that a beginner is fortunate enough to choose for his adviser a professional reader whose horizon happens to be wider than that of the mere market value

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of literary ware, and whose suggestions stimulate the growth of his mentality as well as of his bank account. And then again, there are editors who, in spite of the burden they carry, are not always too busy to send, with a rejected manuscript, a line or two of welcome advice to a young author whom they see to be stumbling needlessly—or a few words of equally valued praise to the beginner whose first work shows, through all its crudeness, the unmistakable gleam of the Inborn Talent. And as to the fourth class, that of the professional critic, there are a good many successful authors who freely admit the debt they owe to him for many a frank word of praise or censure in earlier years. Indeed, this last source of outside help ought to be the most disinterested and the most useful of them all. That it is not, is due to two simple and rather obvious facts: first, that it cannot possibly reach the novice in letters until he begins to get his writings into print; secondly, that the rank and file of reviewers think it their duty to speak to the readers of books rather than to the writers of them—to tell the general public why they ought to like or dislike a certain volume, instead of telling the author in what particulars his work was good and in what others it might have been better.

"I believe," says Sir Walter Besant, in his *Autobiography*, "that one can count on ten fingers the few critics whose judgments are lessons of instruction to writers as well as readers."

It is this dearth of real enlightenment that makes so many first attempts—whether poetry or prose, essays, stories or special articles—sheer guess-work, gropings in the dark. Hundreds of first manuscripts, and second and third manuscripts, too, are written with tremulous hopes and fears, absurdly overvalued one moment and blackly despaired of the next. They start out on their travels, meekly submitted "at your usual rates," and soon come homing back, with only the empty civility of a printed slip to save them from the waste-paper basket. That is a fair statement of the average beginner's experience, is it not? And it is looked upon as quite in the natural course of things, a special application of the economic law of supply and demand. It places the young author in the same category with every other class of workman who goes around peddling the produce of his handiwork. And if that produce does not happen to be wanted, there is no logical reason why anyone should be required to buy it, whether it be a sonnet or a sugared waffle.

In his essay, *L'Argent dans la Littérature,* Zola writes, with customary bluntness: "The State owes nothing to young writers; the mere fact of having written a few pages does not entitle them to pose as martyrs, because no one will print their work. A shoemaker who has made his first pair of shoes does not force the government to sell them for him. It is the workman's place to dispose of his work to the public. And if he can't do it, if he is a nobody, he remains unknown through his own fault, and quite justly so."

The Anomalous Position of Literature

Now it does no good to argue that there is something radically wrong about the present system. It is quite sufficient if we frankly recognise that literature occupies an anomalous position, and to seek for the reason. The great advantage that the arts and professions enjoy in theory over trade and business is that they aim to produce objects of such beauty or service of such importance that the ordinary laws of market value do not apply to them. Aside from literature, there is no profession, excepting the closely allied one of the magazine illustrator, which is subjected to a like degree of precarious uncertainty. Architects, it is true, do occasionally enter plans in a competition for some big public building—but this is an exception to the custom of their craft, a gamble which they enter into voluntarily, fully prepared to be cheerful losers. Young artists may repeatedly have their pictures refused admission to the annual Salons; but at least they have the comfort of knowing that there was just one ground for such refusals, namely, that the pictures were not sufficiently good art. A doctor has some trouble in getting his first case, a lawyer in getting his first brief; but when once they have secured respectively a

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client and a patient, they count upon being regularly employed; it is inconceivable that they should be dismissed with a printed notice that their dismissal "does not imply a criticism of their intrinsic merits." Even your corner grocer, if you leave him and go to a competitor halfway down the black, considers it a criticism, and one that he has a right to resent.

As already implied, there is a very simple reason why the man of letters stands in a class apart. The artist and sculptor, the lawyer and doctor, even the grocer and the plumber, have all in their several ways served a long and relatively costly apprenticeship. They have, to put it colloquially, learned their job before they have been allowed to practise for themselves. Whether they will become distinguished in their several callings or even demonstrate an average skill remains to be proved. But they start with a certain guaranteed fund of foundation knowledge, a certain preliminary craftsmanship. It is conceivable, of course, that a medical student might, in his first year, successfully treat some simple case of croup or whooping-cough. But that one achievement would not give him sufficient self-assurance to hang out his sign, even if the laws of his State permitted such recklessness. Yet when the merest tyro in writing happens by some lucky hit to write a story good enough to win acceptance, or even, let us say, a story that has somehow won acceptance although not good enough, his pendulum of self-criticism swings to the furthest verge of elation. He refuses to entertain the possibility of further rejections. He begins to multiply the number of stories he can write a month by the number of months in the year, and the product again by the number of dollars on his first cheque.

The Young Writer's Apprenticeship

Of course, in a majority of cases, such dreams are doomed to the same fate as in the fable of the "Pot of Milk"—and it is fortunate for the world at large, and doubly fortunate for the young author that this is so. The truth is that in literature, as in every other art, there is no such thing as a royal road to fame. Just because a writer is free to hang out his shingle, so to speak, at the very beginning, it does not by any means follow that he is permanently exempted from serving an apprenticeship. And this fact is the sole excuse for dwelling here at such length upon so commonplace a grievance as rejected manuscripts. Every young writer knows, of course, that he faces repeated rejection; but very few recognise that each manuscript that comes back is part of their education, a definite amount of the time and effort which every apprentice is expected to pay.

The present writer well remembers his first attempts to write short stories, while still a college undergraduate, and his surprise and resentment when one by one the magazines failed to appreciate them. He grudged the labour spent upon them; he felt, in a vague sort of way, that he had been defrauded. College themes, curiously enough, rested on a different basis. The time spent on them involved no irritation, although they were doomed in advance to be still-born. The reason for this difference was that the author recognised his college themes as part of the cost of preparation, and that he had not yet learned that his rejected manuscripts were also part of that same preparation—and by far the more important part.

"The worst of all evils, for a beginner," says Zola, in the above-mentioned essay, is to arrive and to succeed too soon. He ought to know that behind every solid reputation there lie at least twenty years of effort and of labour."

What each man or woman learns from a rejection depends, of course, upon the circumstances of the individual case. It may teach nothing more than the unwisdom of submitting a certain type of story or article to one particular magazine; or again, it may bring a salutary awakening to the fact that what the author fondly believed to be a masterpiece is, after all, a rather tawdry and banale performance. But in any case, a setback is wholesome discipline if it makes a writer ask himself seriously what is the matter with his work—for it is better to tear up half a dozen good manuscripts than to let a

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single bad one find its way into print. "As remediless as bad work once put forward," is a wise little simile of Mr. Kipling's—you will find it in *The Light that Failed,* not far from the point at which the two versions of that story part company. It must, however, be borne in mind that no sort of apprenticeship ever created genius—its utmost value is to develop technical skill. In every art there are two indispensable qualities—an Inborn Talent and a slowly and painfully acquired technique—the only difference, in the case of literature, being that the technique must in the main be self-taught. The Inborn Talent is, by its very definition, a thing unteachable, although it may be discovered, fostered and developed. It can no more be created by teachers of rhetoric or grammar than a singing-master can create a voice. But the would-be singer has this big advantage over the would-be writer, in that he can easily find a teacher of authority who will tell him in the course of a single interview frankly and conclusively whether his case is hopeless or not—while the young author has no chance of getting such an opinion, and if he had would probably refuse to credit it.

The result is that most new writers are left to learn their value, slowly and painfully, in the unsparing school of experience. And the nature of the lesson is best grasped by applying it to the analogous art of painting. Suppose the young artist left quite to himself, thrown wholly on his own judgment, regarding subject and composition, colour, light and shade. He paints and paints, picture after picture, with only his instinct to tell him whether they are good or bad—and every now and then someone having authority comes along and blots them out with turpentine or a palette knife, and with no word of explanation. The young artist tries again, and still again—and if he has the Inborn Talent, it is conceivable that he may grow slowly through his own efforts helped only by this purely destructive criticism, until he achieves real greatness. As a matter of fact, this is not the road over which the great painters have travelled, but it is the road by which the masters of literature have attained their goal.

Schools of Technique

Now let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that a young writer is in no haste to see himself in print, that he would be glad to have some sort of systematic instruction through a period of years, analogous to that of the other arts and crafts: what possible avenues are open to him. The Inborn Talent, of course, cannot be taught; but the technique of good writing not only can be taught, but ought to be. Yet at present, and I say this advisedly, we have not a single well equipped school of instruction in technique—nothing which even pretends to do for writing what the conservatories do for vocal and instrumental music, and schools like the Beaux Arts for painting and architecture. The odd thing is that people have fallen into the habit of thinking that we do possess such opportunities for instruction. Our schools and colleges and universities are paying more attention than ever to rhetoric and theme writing. Children daily puzzle their parents with intricacies of sentence diagrams and strange nomenclature of grammar undreamed of in an earlier generation. And yet almost any city editor will tell you that the young college graduate has almost as much to unlearn as to learn before he becomes a useful member of the staff. The trouble is that in writing we have confused the medium with the art; we have been content, a good deal of the time, to teach language where we meant to teach technique. Writing differs from the other arts in this: that from earliest childhood, its medium of expression has been more or less familiar, more or less skilfully employed. A child of five who cannot put together simple sentences that express his physical needs is considered mentally deficient; whereas, if he can already whistle or sing a popular air correctly, his family indicate the fact with pride; and if he can draw a cow that really looks like a cow and not like an abnormal table endowed with horns and tail, he is an infant prodigy. But if we could conceive of a race of intelligent deaf mutes whose customary mode of communication was a highly developed picture language, then we might imagine

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a manual skill of draughtsmanship acquired from early childhood that would place the medium of the painter on an equality with that of the writer to-day.

Now in our schools and colleges, with the best intentions in the world, what is actually achieved goes very little beyond an increased dexterity in the use of the medium, language. Grammar and rhetoric, even the ability to say quite accurately certain simple and obvious things, is not the technique of good writing, any more than the ability to draw a circle or a straight line or to match colours makes up the technique of good painting. And even those few courses which the English departments of our larger universities have in recent years established for the benefit of their graduate students—courses in the structure of the short story and the play and the novel—although they are an encouraging step in the right direction, are not either in kind or in degree quite comparable to the practical training that is open to students in every other branch of art. The best instruction in any craft or profession is a practical training by someone who has already proved himself a master of it. The instructors in our medical schools, our seminaries, our schools of law, are nearly always men who have won their reputation in the sick chamber, the pulpit, the court-room. And this is the one logical source of learning. Yet in authorship the chance of working directly under the guidance of a master has, so far as I can recall, been exemplified in practice on a large scale only once in the history of letters —and that was in the special brand of historical romance tirelessly produced by the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and his apprentices—satirically designated as *Dumas et Cie, Fabrique de Romans*. College instruction in the art of writing is, with a few brilliant exceptions, given by men who are trained critics rather than creative writers—men who know infinitely more about taking a work to pieces than about putting it together. Dissecting is an important part of class work in a course in botany, but it does not help us to a knowledge of how to grow a rose. And you will learn more about building a cathedral by watching it go together, stone by stone, than by seeing a gang of professional wreckers dustily pulling it down.

Are we to understand, then, some one will ask, that the English courses in colleges and graduate schools are a waste of time? Emphatically no, not by any means, so long as we do not mistake the nature of their help. So far as they go they are of distinct value to a student with ambition for authorship—valuable in the same way that courses in literature and in foreign languages are valuable; but they carry him no further in his technical training than college courses in biology or constitutional history carry a student forward in the practice of medicine or the law. The practical question, then, is: In the absence of special training-schools what advice should be given to a beginner? Are there any lines of special study that he may follow, any form of self-training that he may put himself through? The answer is: Yes, there is the theoretical help of text books on technique, and there is the practical training of journalism. But it is well to remember, on the one hand, that all the text-books ever written on the English novel will not make a novelist, any more than Ruskin's *Modern Painters,* even though committed to memory, would make a Millais for a Bouguereau. A newspaper training is a good, wholesome tonic, especially as an antidote to the stilted heaviness of the academic style. It gives a certain fluency, a certain colloquial tone that makes for freedom. "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes," was Dickens's stereotyped reply to the questions of American reporters. And yet one hesitates to recommend it with the same assurance with which it was to be recommended a quarter century ago. For if the younger generation of American writers have any one conspicuous fault in common, it is that of too journalistic a style.

In the Absence of Training Schools

But there is one question which every amateur writer should ask himself in advance of everything else, and that is: Has he the Inborn Talent? Has he any

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talent at all, anything worth the saying—worth, that is, the trouble of learning to say in the best possible manner? Has he ideas?—not mere raw material, in the form of things seen and experiences lived—but ideas about them that may be of importance or interest to some portion of the world at large. Let us ask this direct question of every man and woman who reads these pages: Have you taken any pains to satisfy yourself that you possess this Inborn Talent? If not, do so without delay, before you scatter futile ink over another sheet of wasted paper. And it is not just a question of having or not having the creative instinct, but of having it in sufficient degree to make its development really worth while. For the Inborn Talent in a writer may be compared to the grade of ore in a mine—the question is not simply whether there is any precious metal there at all, but whether it is present in paying quantities. It is well to find out, if you can, just how richly your talent will assay, and then work it accordingly.

Have you the Inborn Talent?

But, you may retort, how is any one to find out whether he has talent? Who is to be the judge? How can the author himself or any one else know surely whether repeated rejections through a course of months mean hopeless mediocrity or the handicap of crude methods—whether improvement is a matter of being born again or merely of buckling down and laboriously learning the job? And just here, of course, lies the real difficulty of making this advice practical. No one can answer this first and most important question for you—no one, at least, so authoritatively as to convince you even against your will. But you yourself can answer a few frank questions that will go a long way toward enlightening you: Why are you trying to write? What preparations have you had that make you believe you are qualified? How long ago did you begin to try? What sort of encouragement have you so far received? These are questions which no one else can answer for you; for no two cases are precisely alike. But you cannot answer them honestly without having a strong conviction steal over you either that you have or that you have not the Inborn Talent.

A Few Frank Questions

Do you write, for instance, as the born artist paints or the born musician plays, because you feel a compelling necessity for self-expression? Or do you write as the house painter wields his brush or the barrel organ man turns his handle merely for the sake of the dollars or the dimes? Have you strong prejudices in regard to the kind of writing you are ready to do? Or are you willing to write in any form, on any subject, from a sonnet to a breakfast food advertisement? Most of us at one time or another have found ourselves under the temporary necessity of doing something more or less in the nature of "hack-work," work that not only meant drudgery but that took us away from bigger, finer things. Yet it is not the willingness to do "hack-work" and to do it cheerfully and thoroughly, when the occasion demands, that proves we lack the Inborn Talent—it is the failure to distinguish between what is "hack-work" and what is not; the spirit of indifference which looks upon all kinds of writing indiscriminately as a marketable produce, that degrades authorship from a profession to a trade.

Or again, what has been your preparation, up to the time when you send off your first essay or poem or story, stamps enclosed, to take its chances with some editor? Does your real apprenticeship begin now with its toll of disappointments and delays; manuscripts that grow soiled and shabby and one by one are consigned to the waste basket? Or have you been unconsciously apprenticed to literature from early childhood, surrounded by an atmosphere of books, absorbing, because you could not help it, correct ideas of form and technique from the daily conversation around you? Are you still in the first enthusiasm of youth with your views of life still mainly rose-coloured dreams? Or have you spent the first thirty or forty years of your life face to face with hard realities, in the activities of business or of travel and adventure—as a soldier of fortune rather than man of letters? It does not follow

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that in the one case you have the inborn literary instinct and that in the other you have not. Ruskin at the age of five had already entered upon his apprenticeship. Before he had learned to write, he had taught himself a makeshift method of vertical printing with a pencil, and had undertaken a story in three-volume form, the name of which escapes the memory, and really does not matter. The significant thing about it is that this precocious child of five was already so saturated with the atmosphere of books, so familiar with their form and make-up, that with the imitative fidelity of his age, he added to his own work a carefully compiled page of *errata*. Sir Walter Besant, after having endured a six years' exile, occupying a Colonial Professorship on the island of Mauritius, records upon his return, "I began life again at the age of thirty-one; my capital was a pretty extensive knowledge acquired by voracious and indiscriminate reading."

Mr. Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, is a conspicuous example of a man who for years had lived apart from books, one decade before the mast, and another as an expert diamond setter and then suddenly surprised himself by revealing the Inborn Talent. But his is an exceptional case. There are a good many men whose love of adventure has given them a rich variety of experience, whose early life has been spent in the danger-places of the world. They are apt to think that they possess the gift because they have the material—and yet these two things have practically nothing in common. It is not the material but the instinct to use it in the right way that makes the Inborn Talent. It is quite a common experience to have men come for advice who have spent years in queer, out-of-the-way corners of the earth and have had adventures rich in thrills and shudders, such as would make *Robinson Crusoe* or *Treasure Island* sound a little tame; and almost invariably what they say is this: "We have the material. Teach us the technique!" Yet in the majority of cases even a knowledge of technique would probably not make stories that they would write sound otherwise than commonplace. For it is one of the commonest things in the world to find that men can live adventurous lives without being really aware of it in a big dramatic sense—that they can pass through places of great danger, inimitable strangeness, matchless beauty; and yet when they come to write about them might just as well be describing adventures in their own back yard.

The Inborn Talent Defined

The Inborn Talent, then, is something distinct from the material of our experience and the technical use we make of that material. Just what it is proves rather baffling to define. But at least it includes several different elements: First, the art of really seeing—the artist's eye, which looks through and beyond the mere outward material aspect and sees the vision of some great, unpainted picture. Secondly, a fine instinct for the value of words—a gift that is something quite different from mere richness of vocabulary on the one hand, and the possession of style, on the other. Vocabulary may be increased at will by patiently memorising a dictionary; and style is a matter of cadence and sound sequence—it is quite possible to write rather sad trash in an impeccable style. But a sense of the value of words, an instinct for finding, within the limits of our spoken language, the precise word and phrase that will as nearly as possible convey a thought that is perhaps bigger or subtler than any spoken words—this indeed stamps the possessor as having the Inborn Talent. And lastly, it includes the possession of ideas, as distinct from knowledge. You may know a vast number of useful facts, such as that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—but such knowledge no more constitutes the Inborn Talent than such a definition constitutes literature. But ideas, big, vital ideas, of the compelling sort that force themselves into written words, in the face of obstacles and disappointments and the inertia of public indifference, are the very essence of the creative spirit, the golden hallmark of the Inborn Talent.

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TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Life of Karl Marx*

The author does not claim for this work the rank of a final and authoritative biography. This, he thinks, will be supplied some day by "some better equipped German writers, such as Franz Mehring and Edward Bernstein." But apart from the present volume there is no adequate biography of Marx in any language, although twenty-six years have passed since his death. Except for Liebknecht's *Memoirs*, which is not and was not intended to be a biography, we have only the brief sketches in biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias and the chapters on Marx's life in works on the history of Socialism. Even his own followers know little about the man for all their devout study of his writings. Myths have arisen concerning him, and even after they have been disproved are continually repeated. English and American accounts of his life are especially inaccurate. A good many pages of Mr. Spargo's are taken up with the refutation of these errors. Thus the story that Karl Marx's father Heinrich became a Christian under compulsion, which is repeated in most of the encyclopædias and even in Liebknecht's *Memoirs*, is found to have no foundation whatever. His "apostasy" was purely voluntary. A trivial error, but one that illustrates the carelessness of foreign writers, is Croce's allusion to the "blonde" Karl Marx, who was so dark that he was nicknamed by his companions "Negro." But more important than the correction of misstatements as to single facts is the author's constant attempt to remove what he regards as the utterly false though prevailing impression of Marx as a harsh and quarrelsome fanatic, unsympathetic in his relations with men. He brings out the other side of his nature from the records of his friendship and draws freely on the private correspondence with his intimates. "Marx," said the poet Heine, "is the tenderest, gentlest man I have ever known." In one respect he reverses the general impression as to the contrast between the characters of Marx and Lassalle. On the failure of the former's suit against Herr Zabel for libel he wrote to Lassalle, saying that he had supposed such a travesty of justice would be impossible in the Prussian courts. Lassalle replied:

"Dear fellow, how I wronged you once lately when in one of my letters I said you saw things in too dark colours! Prussian justice, at any rate, you seem to have regarded in far too rosy a light! But I've had to endure far other things than you from this crew; could bring far stronger proof for what you say, have experienced worse cases altogether at their hands, and that three times three dozen times, and in criminal, and more especially in purely civil cases. . . . Uff! I must drive away remembrance of all this. For when I think of this daily judicial murder of ten long years that I passed through, then waves of blood seem to tremble before my eyes, and it seems to me as if a sea of blood would choke me. . . . But never do my lips curl with so deep a smile of contempt as when I hear our judges and justice spoken of. Galley-slaves seem to me very honourable persons compared with our judges."

This bitter, contemptuous attack upon the Prussian courts by Lassalle, and Marx's misplaced confidence in their integrity and his subsequent disappointment form a rather striking contrast in the popular notion of the characteristics of the two men. According to this notion, Lassalle was first of all a patriot and only secondly a revolutionist, while Marx was first and last a revolutionist without a fatherland. Lassalle is painted as a nationalist in politics, always dominated by a strong love for Germany, while Marx is painted as an internationalist, caring nothing for Germany, but only for the Universal Republic and the Revolution. As a matter of fact, Marx was a good deal more of a German patriot than Lassalle, as their respective attitudes upon the Italian war clearly showed. In the correspondence of the two men, published by Bernstein in his biography of Lassalle, Lassalle's attitude is as "treasonable" as that of Marx is "patriotic."

While a student at Bonn and Berlin, Marx passed through that Teutonic wel-

*Karl Marx: His Life and Work. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1910. Pp. 355. Price $2.50.

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ter of ideas which has been typified in Carlyle's Teufelsdroch, and this period is described by his biographer with awe, but without giving any clear notion of what was going on. There were bitter mental conflicts, at the end of which some youthful poems and plots for novels were cast to the flames and young Marx found a measure of relief by becoming one of the "Young Hegelians." In this company Marx, who had studied Hegel deeply, learned to reject the Hegelian notion of the Absolute Idea behind all historic progress while retaining his belief in the Hegelian theory of development.

It was against this fantastic ideological element in Hegelianism, its self-contradictions, that the young Hegelians directed their attack, in which young Marx found at least the partial solution of his difficulties. These young radicals of the Extreme Left, of whom Bruno Bauer and Ludwig Feuerbach were the leading spirits, regarded Hegel's Absolute Idea as an illegitimate interpolation into his philosophy. Instead of regarding the logical forms as being due to a self-revealing Absolute, they regarded them as being due to human thought. Man thus became the creator of the Absolute—of God. The material universe became the starting point from which ideas must be traced, the reverse of Hegel's thought.

Marx derived his first principles from Hegel, as is well known, yet in *The Holy Family* wrote of him contemptuously, placing Feuerbach far above him:

There is some criticism of Feuerbach, but it is something of a shock for the reader of today to note the air of superiority which Marx adopts toward Hegel, whom he treats with ill-concealed disdain, and to compare with it the generous enthusiasm of his treatment of Feuerbach. At first this seems pitifully immature. We must, however, bear in mind the polemical character of the book. The controversial spirit and temper are not exactly conducive to a judicial estimate. Marx was anxious at the moment to discredit the Hegelian ideology and to emphasise the materialist factors. Later, when the controversial temper had passed away with the need for controversy, a juster estimate was possible. Marx could write then, in 1865, "Compared with Hegel, Feuerbach is very poor. Nevertheless, after Hegel, he made an epoch, because he accentuated certain points. . . . which had been left by Hegel in an obscure and mystic light."

The author frequently turns aside to comment upon or analyse Marx's writings and to summarise the history of the European movements in which Marx was involved, for example, the revolution of 1848, the Franco-Prussian War and the Paris Commune. On these occasions he is not especially illuminating. As a thick and thin supporter of Marxism, which he regards as the only form of socialism worthy of the name, his attitude toward Marx's books is altogether uncritical. It is the homage of a prostrate mind. He says that his "aim has been to give an interpretation of Marx's life and thought." So far as the thought is concerned, there are better interpretations to be found in quite ordinary histories of socialism. These portions of the book seem perfunctory and trivial, a mere assembling of hackneyed phrases from platforms, manifestoes and resolutions. Nor has the writer any gift for summarising European political conditions and movements, and his occasional attempts are too sketchy and confused to be of any use. The value of the book consists solely in what relates to the immediate concerns of Marx, his private life, his struggles with poverty, his relations with his friends, his quarrels, and his public activities as editor and as organiser of the Communist League and of the "International."

Marx went to Paris on the suppression of the *Neue Rhenische Zeitung* in 1843, and thenceforth led the life of an exile. On his expulsion from France in 1849 he settled with his wife and young children in London, which remained his home for the rest of his life. For many years he suffered extreme poverty and sometimes even lacked for food. The death of two of his children was hastened if not caused by these privations.

Unfitted for any manual labour, a German radical, every line of whose work had been of a kind which could not be submitted to prospective employers without destroying any small chance of obtaining employment that there might be, his position was an exceedingly tragic one. Rare and ill-paid were the little jobs he obtained in those days. He wrote for some of the Chartist journals, but probably never

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received a single penny in payment. If perchance any such articles were ever paid for the occasions must have been rare and the sums paid quite trifling.

He was morbidly sensitive to the charge of "living on the movement" and received no money for his work in the Communist Alliance. He would not even accept the customary fee for his lectures to workingmen in the Arbeiter Bildungsverein in the early 'fifties, the time of his greatest distress. For years the only regular income on which he could depend was five dollars a week for his contributions to the New York *Tribune,* for which he became the London correspondent in 1851. On one occasion having fallen into arrears with the rent his family were turned into the street and all their furniture was seized. During the greater part of his life he was dogged by poverty and illness. The writer emphasises the miseries of the Marx household doubtless to counteract the often repeated slander that he was drawing money from the "movement." Early in 1857, thanks to a small legacy from Mrs. Marx's mother, they were able to move into a larger house, but this seemed to indicate increased prosperity, much to the disadvantage of Marx. More impecunious exiles turned to the Marx home for food and shelter, and none was ever denied, no matter how great the sacrifice might be. Then, too, malicious gossip seized upon the sign of apparently increasing prosperity to prove that Marx was "living upon the movement" in relative luxury. The truth is that the struggle was rather intensified by the imperative necessity of the extra expense, and by the imposition of impecunious visitors, already noted.

The writer has much to say about the lighter side of Marx's character—

While he certainly managed to impress a good many casual observers as a taciturn and unemotional man, without humour, the real Marx was a very different sort of person, as his correspondence shows. Few men could better tell or enjoy a joke, even when it was at his own expense. In his letters he very often indulged in that sly, sardonic humour for which he was famous from his youth, and up to a few years before his death he loved to indulge now and then in boisterous boyish fun.

Instances of horseplay are given, the smashing of street lamps, pranks with children, but nothing to indicate a sense of humour. Nevertheless the author insists that he was a humourist.

These glimpses of the man at play reveal a character vastly different from that of the taciturn, cold, unemotional man that he is so often described as being. That in some moods, to some persons, he was such a person is doubtless true enough. But to those who knew him best, those whom he trusted and loved, he revealed a very different side of his nature. In 1842, in the earliest of his attacks upon the Prussian censor, he had described himself as "a humourist," and a humourist he remained all his life long.

The writer thinks the debt of America to Marx during the Civil War has not been appreciated. He declares that the change of British public opinion in favour of the North was due more to Marx than to any other man. In October, 1862, Mr. Gladstone made what he afterward acknowledged to be an inexcusable mistake in declaring publicly that the secession of the South was inevitable, and that whatever might be thought of slavery there was no doubt that the Southern leaders had created a nation. A little later the negotiations of the British Government with the French Emperor for concerted action in bringing the war to a close became generally known. The sympathies of the upper and middle classes were manifestly with the South. Toward the end of December, 1862, the recognition of the Confederacy seemed inevitable and was expected by many within a few days. At this moment occurred the angry demonstration of the working classes against the government's policy. Enormous mass meetings were held in the industrial centres and addressed by Cobden, Bright, John Stuart Mill and other American sympathisers. The movement was so strong and spread so rapidly that within a few weeks it became evident to the government that its plan could not be carried out.

To Karl Marx, more than to any other man, is due the credit for that uprising of the working class of Great Britain. It was he who started the movement, and caused the trades

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unionists of London to take the first step toward raising a protest of the working class against the action of the government, and in favour of Lincoln and his policies. Marx called upon one of his lieutenants, George Eccarius, a leading spirit of the London Trades Council, to move in that body for the holding of a great demonstration of the organised workers of London, and the issuance of a call to the organised workers of other great industrial centres to take similar action. Not only that, but the resolutions adopted were in substance suggested by Marx, if not actually written by him.

Marx, it must be remembered, was a most passionate and devoted admirer of President Lincoln. It is probable that the message which Lincoln addressed to Congress early in December, 1861, had much to do with the admiration and esteem with which Marx regarded him. In that message Lincoln had declared that "Labour is prior to and independent of, Capital. Capital is only the fruit of Labour, and could never have existed if Labour had not first existed. Labour is the superior of Capital, and deserves much the higher consideration." Such sentiments could not fail to appeal to the Socialist. Added to that fact there was the fact that Lincoln was what Marx was pleased to call "a single-minded son of toil," one of the common people. How sincere was his desire to be of assistance to Lincoln and the Union cause may be gathered from the fact that he advised the committees responsible for those great trades-union demonstrations to secure the services of John Bright and Richard Cobden. He detested both men even more than he detested Palmerston and Gladstone. Principally on account of their bitter opposition to factory legislation, he regarded both men with an almost unspeakable loathing. But he was quite willing that they should be used by the workers to voice their support of Emancipation and the Union, and their protest against the threatened recognition of the threatened slave-holding States.

Marx threw himself with equal enthusiasm into the movements for Polish independence and Irish home rule. On the formation of the German Social Democratic party Marx was at first neutral, but after the death of Lassalle and the founding of the International Workingmen's Association became a contributor to the organ of the new party, the *Social Democrat*. As the real though unofficial head of the "International," which was founded in September, 1864, Marx devoted most of his energies to its affairs for the next seven years, working sometimes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. His health, already undermined by overwork and privation, was seriously injured during this period, which was perhaps the busiest time of his life. Two chapters are devoted to the story of the "International" repeating matter that is elsewhere more fully and effectively presented. The Franco-Prussian War placed Marx in an embarrassing situation. It was necessary that the General Council of the "International" should declare its attitude toward the war, and any such declaration would give offence to the French or German members. Marx was a thorough German and an ardent advocate of German unity. He also hated Napoleon III and his ministers. He regarded the war as a defensive one for Germany, and finally asserted this view in the manifesto issued by the General Council on July 23, 1870, warning the German working classes that the war, however, might cease to be merely defensive. This, of course, is what happened, and in September the "International" issued an appeal, also written by him, protesting against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and the policy of conquest in general. As the war went on all sections of the "International" were united on this policy, and many mass-meetings were held under its direction in several countries protesting against the policy of conquest.

He does not make it clear what part the "International" played in the Commune, but takes a middle ground between those who hold that the Commune was the creation of the "International," and those who say the "International" had nothing to do with it. The General Council of the "International" heartily supported the Commune from the first, and even before the outbreak of the war Marx had advised the Central Committee to fortify the northern hills of Montmartre. But the government set up by the Commune in no wise represented the principles of the "International." The writer scouts the idea of "many ignorant

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critics of Socialism" that the Commune was a Socialist experiment, and quotes scornfully Mr. Roosevelt's remark in the *Outlook* that Socialism was tried in France "under the Commune of 1871." He characterises the Commune as the "revolt of a city of Republicans against a nation of monarchists."

For the thirteen years, from 1870 to the time of his death (1883), Marx enjoyed only a few days of fair health. His attempts to complete volumes II and III of *Das Kapital* had little result and he finally regarded the task as hopeless, feeling that he had failed to carry out the main purpose of his life. A letter written a year or two before his death is interesting for the criticism of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*.

> The man is far behind the times in his theoretical views. He knows nothing about the nature of surplus value, and so wastes his time, after the English manner, and in speculations which the English have left behind, about the relations of profit, rent, interest and so on. His fundamental idea is that everything would be all right if ground rents were paid to the State. (You will find that kind of payment mentioned in the *Communist Manifesto* among transitional measures.) . . . All these "Socialists," including Colins, have this in common, that they let wage-labour, and with it capitalist production, stand as before, and want to deceive the world that by turning ground rent into a tax paid to the State, all the evils of the capitalist system will disappear of themselves. The whole is merely a socialistically fringed attempt to save the rule of Capitalism, and to establish it in fact on a still larger foundation than it has at present.
>
> This cloven hoof sticks out in a manner not to be mistaken in all the declarations of Henry George. He is still less to be forgiven since he should have asked himself the question: "How is it that in the United States, where, in comparison with civilised Europe, the land was more accessible to the great mass of the people, and to a certain degree still is, that in this country the capitalist system, and the consequent servitude of the working class, have developed faster than in any other country?"
>
> At the same time George's book and the sensation which it has created in your country have this significance, that it is the first, even if unsuccessful, attempt to cut loose from the orthodox political economy.

The biographer has gathered much interesting material and has rendered a valuable service both to the student and to the general reader in making this first serious attempt at a comprehensive life of Marx. But he is obviously not the right man to do justice to so large a subject. He has not the philosophic spirit or the historical sense or the literary skill that the task demands. This significant figure of the nineteenth century, perhaps the one great practical man of that century, if we judge by his influence to-day, deserves something better than a campaign document.

C. M. Francis.

II

Messrs. Wilson's and Tucker's "International Law"

At one time—and not very long ago either—International Law was not much more than a name expressing an ideal to those whose philosophic minds inclined them to think in the terms of the universe. It has, indeed, been characterised as a collection of theories which the nations of the earth ought to put into practice, but which they do not unless it happens to suit their convenience, there being no court to compel obedience to its decrees. This description still contains an element of truth, but it was far more applicable a decade ago than it is to-day. To a certain extent the law still suggests a "gentleman's agreement," but many of its provisions have now been so generally accepted by the civilised world that they are no longer mere theories of conduct, but recognised doctrines having all of the moral effect, if not quite the compelling force, of law.

Telegraph, cable, railroad, steamship and wireless communication have been gradually bringing the nations closer to each other, and by agreements, declarations, conferences and conventions the principal World Powers have been slowly

*International Law. By George Grafton Wilson and George Fox Tucker. New York: Silver, Burdett and Company.

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but surely nearing a relatively complete understanding. The progress toward this result has been particularly notable during the last twenty-five years, so that now there is not only a fairly well-defined code of law governing the conduct of war on land and sea, but a decidedly hopeful advance toward the pacific settlement of all international disputes.

The history of this important movement and the record of its practical results are ably set forth in Messrs. Wilson's and Tucker's volume entitled *International Law*. Both writers are authorities of wide reputation in this special branch of knowledge, and Professor Wilson's experience as the American Delegate Plenipotentiary at the International Naval Conference of 1909 renders him particularly well qualified for the task he has undertaken. The volume accordingly possesses something of the quality of an official utterance and at the Hague Conference in 1907 one of its earlier editions was cited as an established authority. In its present form it supplies a most valuable and convenient reference for all military, naval and diplomatic officers whose duties involve anything in the line of international relations. Without being unduly learned, it traces the historic development of the subject from the early period of European civilisation down to the present day, and the record presents a most interesting study of human progress along the broadest possible lines. Upon this scholarly foundation the authors lay down the principles which to-day virtually control the rights and the actions of self-respecting communities in their intercourse with one another, giving in full the text of many of the most important conventions and otherwise fortifying the reader with ample authority. Especially interesting is the digest of leading cases illustrating the main points decided by the legal tribunals of this country covering such subjects as extradition, non-combatants, capture and ransom and neutrality.

Had a volume of this character been in the hands of Captain Wilkes when he stopped the British mail steamer *Trent* on the high seas and captured the Confederate envoys Mason and Slidell, it is highly probable that England and America would have been spared much of the bitterness and heart burning which brought them to the verge of conflict in the early period of the Civil War. It might likewise have proved instructive to the law officers of the Crown a few years later when those officials practically connived at the escape of the *Alabama*, an error which cost the British Government a huge sum of money and necessitated the famous Arbitration at Geneva.

With modern facilities of communication there is, of course, less danger of an ignorant official involving his country in international complications than there was half a century ago. But it is not only officials who are in a position to disturb the peace of nations. Every master of a vessel and almost every merchant and traveller in foreign lands may embarrass his home government by unwarranted actions, especially during the progress of a war. To all such persons the information contained in Messrs. Wilson's and Tucker's book should prove exceedingly valuable, and the fact that five editions have already been issued demonstrates that it is meeting a wide demand.

It is a matter of national congratulation that America should be represented in the concert of nations by a dignified work of this character, which combines scholarship with practical suggestion and otherwise adds to our distinction in the diplomatic world.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

III

J. F. Godoy's "Porfirio Diaz"*

"In my youth stern experience taught me many things. When I commanded two companies of soldiers, there was a time when for six months I had neither advice, instructions, nor support from my government. I had to think for myself. I had to be the government myself." These words, written by Porfirio Diaz in regard to his military life when in his twenties he was a battling Liberal in the war of reform, might be varied so as to

*Porfirio Diaz. By José Francisco Diaz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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make him say, with truth, that he never needed much advice, never took much, and was always "the government" himself in the many emergencies that confronted him. The dominant traits of his character were manifest from the first. His complete self-reliance and self-control informed by a clear head and an amenable conscience, gave him a Napoleonic insight and directness without the giddy egotism that tempts to miscalculation and mistakes.

Mr. José Francisco Godoy, formerly Chargé d'Affaires at the Mexican Embassy in Washington, has given us a reliable, though rather meagre narrative of the career of the great Mexican patriot. The book appears only a few months before a general election which is confidently expected to return Diaz to the presidential chair for his eighth term. He has already been at the head of the government for twenty-nine years, and if chosen again this summer he will have entered upon a term whose completion will establish a record of thirty-five years. It is to be regretted that the long career of the great president has been condensed within little more than a hundred pages, while seventy pages are filled with eulogies, many of which pronounce the large, vague praise that does not sufficiently enlighten. The narrative is indeed that of a man cast in heroic mould, one who found his meat and drink in dangers and difficulties, yet who did not court them as an adventurer, but challenged them in steadfast defence of order and liberty.

Porfirio Diaz, who was born in the city of Oaxaca in 1830, was deprived of his father at an early age and had to assist his mother in providing for a large family. There is nothing unusual in the record of his school days except his offer when seventeen years of age to enlist as a volunteer against the Americans. We are told that he was destined for the priesthood, but that he preferred the study of law, although finally yielding to the attraction of a soldier's life. His law studies, which he did not complete, left an abiding influence upon his character and mental attitude, a fact which may partly explain his resistance of the temptation of a military dictatorship. During the civil contest which ended in 1861 in the capture of the City of Mexico by the Liberals and in the restoration of President Juarez, Diaz took part in nearly every engagement, and after the war was elected a deputy to the Federal Congress.

Then came the war of French intervention and Napoleon the Third's sham Empire of Mexico. Diaz was given command of a brigade and helped to defeat the French forces near Puebla, but he was captured and imprisoned after the town was besieged and was compelled to surrender to the French. His captors did not appreciate the grit and resourcefulness of their prisoner, who was soon digging a tunnel from his cell toward freedom, but he was unfortunately taken to another building and watched more vigilantly. It made no difference; he escaped after such tricks with the rope and scalings of roofs, such crawling, hiding and dodging as would have done credit to Jean Valjean in his long duel with the redoubtable Javert. In his career there were several hairbreadth escapes of this kind. Later in a civil war he was locked up for several days in the little wardrobe of a purser's cabin, where he often enjoyed listening to the chaff of his enemies outside. The friendly purser had thrown a life preserver overboard, and it was thought that Diaz was safely drowned. The brilliant capture of the city of Puebla in 1867 made the young general one of the national heroes.

After the lamentable execution of Maximilian and the restoration of the Republic there was a three-cornered struggle for the presidency between Lerdo de Tejada, Juarez and Diaz. Juarez died, and Diaz continued the struggle, succeeding finally in compelling de Tejada to flee the country. This struggle was typical of the political turbulence which seems to have become chronic with many Latin-American communities, and which the example of Diaz is commonly supposed to rebuke. At that time, however, he was a believer in the doctrine that you should, if sufficiently aggrieved, hew out your own crimson path to the presidency.

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His first term as president during 1877-80 convinced Congress and the Mexican people that they had a strong man to rule them, yet Diaz did not take an unjust advantage, and did not oppose the election of General Gonsalez as his successor. This should ever be remembered to his credit. It proved at least that he had not the temper to indulge in a military dictatorship, which he could easily have grasped.

The history of his subsequent administrations from 1884 to the present time is well known in its broad outline. A solid national credit, good railroads controlled by government, a noteworthy development of mining and agricultural resources, religious liberty, a good name for Mexico abroad, and a national peace quite unexampled among Latin-American republics—all these are by the general contemporaneous judgment set down to the credit of Porfirio Diaz. It is a splendid personal and political record. The great Mexican seems almost to have illustrated Carlyle's doctrine that the rule of a great, wise, beneficent despot is really the best, provided you can find the despot.

But there is another aspect of the subject. Mr. Elihu Root's eulogy of President Diaz as "one of the greatest men to be held up for the hero-worship of mankind" forms the opening part of the preface of this book. It will be recalled that at one time Mr. Root was a sort of informal examiner of Latin-American credentials in statesmanship, and that during his progress among them he said many kind, appreciative things about the sister republics. Does his eulogy express the judgment of the average American who is politically sound at heart? Did all Latin America set up republics modelled after the United States only to prove their uselessness by resigning democratic government to the strong man? Nothing of value about parliamentary discussion is noticeable in this biography. The Mexican constitution was changed in order to lengthen the presidential term of Diaz. It was easy. The constitution did not fit the man, therefore, let it be fitted to him. Nothing can hide the fact that his achievement is at the price of arrested constitutionlism and undeveloped democracy. *J. W. Russell.*

IV

Walter Sichel's "Sterne"*

After Professor Cross's thorough and well-executed biography of Sterne which appeared last summer, one would have thought there was little more to say, but Mr. Walter Sichel has found material for a thick volume which he prints under the title of *Sterne: A Study.* While commending Professor Cross's work he declares that it misses many points of interest. Among the things which he says have escaped the notice of biographers is the fact that Mrs. Sterne was Mrs. Montagu's cousin, and from the latter's correspondence he derives some information concerning both Sterne and his wife. He has also brought the "dear Jenny" of *Tristram* and Mrs. Vesey the bluestocking into somewhat clearer light, and he has found several new autograph letters. He publishes at the end of the volume the entire "Journal to Eliza." Several of the portraits are reprinted for the first time. It is an admirable supplement to Professor Cross's *Life,* being far less reserved in tone and more personal. The following passage is a good example of his analytical comment:

> He [Sterne] wove a spider-web of suggestion, which, though it entangled nasty flies in its fine spun filaments, also caught the fresh dew of the morning. He revolutionised style. Moreover, strange as it may appear, he exerted a lasting humanitarian influence on our fellow-feeling with dumb animals, unemancipated slaves, misused servants, every victim of bigotry or oppression. And the man who did this was a lanky, spare, meagre, crack-brained parson, a rake at heart, who should never have preached or married, whose ideas (as he owns) were "sometimes rather too disorderly . . . for orders"; a consumptive with the quick brain and slippery senses—that perverse acuteness which is the heritage of the hectic and hysterical; a sort of Rousseauite in a country cassock, tied to a jog-trot parish round till he had reached the age of forty-six, an age which the French call "critical."

It is the work of an enthusiast and there is something of over-emphasis in his contrasting epithets. To Professor

*Sterne. A Study. By Walter Sichel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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Cross, Sterne is a subject, but to this writer he is a hobby. The two go well together on the shelves of the Shandean, the first telling the story and the second supplying a lively chattering accompaniment of gossip, characterisation and quotation.

Mr. Sichel attributes to Sterne many qualities which really belong to a very numerous literary tribe. He "fondled his fancies and took them for things"; he would not have described wretchedness "but for the luxury of the appeal"; he had "a memory for a heart"; "a receptacle for woe was indispensable" to him, and "his whole being was a sieve for feeling." He calls him a pioneer and he traces him in Goethe, Byron, Carlyle, Heine, De Maistre, Thackeray and many others. Colonel Newcome's "Adsum" is, he says, "Sterne all over." Carlyle drew from him such apostrophes as "your Worships and Reverences," and "your High Mightinesses the world." These instances seem arbitrary, especially in the case of Thackeray, whose style throughout is so obviously saturated with the spirit of Sterne that it is misleading to select single passages. In Robert Louis Stevenson he sees another imitator, and among present writers who have borrowed from Sterne he mentions particularly Mr. Locke, the author of *The Beloved Vagabond,* and Anthony Hope. But we see no reason why he should not have mentioned a hundred others; for Sterne's writings, like other English classics, have passed into the very fibres of their successors. Shandyism is so common an ingredient in modern literary composition that if you once begin to trace it there is no knowing when to stop. And as to Sterne's character, it does not seem at all peculiar to those who have studied literary types. There was no real Sterne apart from the artist any more than there was a real man inside Mr. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy. Sterne felt only the beginning of an emotion; the force of it was lost in the consideration of the effect he could produce by it on somebody else. In every pain or pleasure there was always that "sidelong glance" at the bystander.

He imports himself into all the landscape, and the same *traits* which disgust many in the man delight most as they are used by the artist. Sterne is the playwright of impressionism.

Elsewhere the writer says:

Sterne is phantasmal. That is at once his distinction as an artist, his drawback as a man. His sentimentality was peculiar. He lived in shadows; he made a reverie of feeling, and a drama of reverie. This is no generalisation. His dream of the nun "Cordelia," which first figures in these pages, leads up inevitably to the last chapter of his "Journal to Eliza." It forms a pattern to which he fitted the less living creatures of existence. Nothing in or around him seems real, and the unreality is genuine.

Several thousand persons now walking this earth with artistic bees in their bonnets might recognise themselves in that description. And so with a great deal of Mr. Sichel's comment. But though he does not appreciate the frequency of the Sterne temperament, he does full justice to his artistic influence:

As artist he endures. As an artist he is palpable and living. Nor is it otherwise than pathetic to think at what cost to the soul that gain has been secured. Many martyrs die to save the world outside those noble heroes who step consciously to the scaffold. Some of the holiest Italian pictures, it is said, were painted by penitents in anguish after nights of debauch. Out of their impurity purity has arisen, though the long struggle dashed them to pieces. No such high conflict is visible in Sterne, yet conflict there was and appears. He was "positive that he had a soul." He knew that he was not an episode or an atom.

The sadness of such wreckage leads us to ponder over the good that results. Finer spirits have quickened his issues, but the issues are still Sterne's. Sterne is latent in the great moral impressionist Ruskin, and Sterne, again, in Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* and the *Christmas Carol.* He had this great courage in his generation, that he was not ashamed to feel. And though his feeling was unbacked by purpose, though it usually returned to his meandering self which stood naked and unashamed, the power has persevered. Sterne's was not the trumpet-stop of the great organ, but a swell of the *vox humana* was his. Since then and beyond literature, men of feeling

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have ruled in statecraft, and tend to rule in economics. Mill and Sterne—the miser of logic and the prodigal of feeling—are opposite poles. Dogmatic utilitarianism is dead, but the renaissance of feeling abides. It was not easy to confess feeling when Sterne proclaimed it on the house-tops. It was a bold experiment which he himself doubted. And though he gave it a staccato touch, though it became a fashion and an affectation, it may claim to have prevailed. To him it was natural, and his art has helped to make it nature. Unchecked it is a danger, like every instinct; yet without it the call of reason is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Byron has well sung of the sensibility which he rhetoricised:

A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility,
And false, though true; for surely they're sincerest
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

Sterne's nearest neighbours were his own fancies. There are far deeper and better elements than these, but, in his own way, and without any message, Sterne heralded their approach.

Ford M. Curlew.

V

Marie Hay's "A German Pompadour"*

The extraordinary career of Wilhelmina von Grävenitz is but one instance of a condition of social disorder peculiar to the smaller Protestant states of the Empire after the close of the Thirty Years' War. No matter to what course of conduct the common people may have applied their newly recovered liberty of conscience, more than one German prince found no better way to make use of this freedom than to commit the perfectly patent crime of bigamy. Very familiar is the case of the Elector Palatine, Karl Ludwig, who, unable to rid himself of an unfavoured wife, calmly married another, who made him happy to the end of his days. Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, of whom the present volume treats, did precisely the same things, but fared not so well in his new venture, for the rightful Duchess was a lady of high spirit, and besides he had a domineering mother with whom to contend.

Wilhelmina von Grävenitz, the "German Pompadour," was brought from Mecklenburg to Stuttgart in the flower of her youth by her brother, a soldier of fortune, who had attached himself to the Duke. The avowed object of this move was to accomplish the downfall of Eberhard's favourite for the time being, Mme. de Geyling. Now the Duke was in his time and place accounted a faithful husband, that is, he changed his favourites so often that his wife was not seriously disturbed. But with the appearance of the Grävenitz, the situation became very different. A strong attachment sprang up between the Duke and the girl, and, besides, Wilhelmina proved herself to be no ordinary plaything.

The Duchess found now that she had to fight. She promptly expelled her rival from the post of lady-in-waiting, in which the Duke had placed her. He then established her in a country house near Stuttgart and went to the wars. The people rose against the new menace and she fled to Switzerland. Here the Duke sought her, and resolved upon an extraordinary step, but one that, as we have seen, was not without precedent. He would marry her openly and repudiate his wife. At Urach, near Stuttgart, a most incongruous Court was formed, presided over by the new wife. Wilhelmina now felt that she could take a hand in the situation. She tried, womanlike, to poison the Duchess, and failing in that, sent an assassin, who just missed accomplishing his errand. The Emperor interfered. He laid a heavy, chastising hand upon his dissolute vassal, and Wilhelmina hastened once more to her Swiss refuge. The Duke returned to his wife.

But the adventuress was not at the end of her resources. She refused an offer of money from the privy council, and resolved to marry, have her husband created a court dignitary and return to Stuttgart. In Vienna her emissary, Schütz, found the desired article, a ruined Bohemian nobleman, ready to sell his name

*A German Pompadour. By Marie Hay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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to any bidder. Yet the Count Joseph Nepomuk von Wurben was by no means an unattractive person, and Schütz did not hesitate to express his satisfaction over the bargain. But Wilhelmina took little interest in his recital of the Count's charms. "It was profoundly indifferent to her whether her future husband was an agreeable companion or not, as she intended only to see him once—namely, at her marriage, after which ceremony he could follow his namesake, St. Nepomuk, into the waves of the Moldau for all she cared."

Behold then! a new *Landhofmeister,* Count von Wurben, appointed at Eberhard's Court, too ill, alas! to perform his duties and obliged to absent himself—duties, meanwhile, not neglected but getting themselves vigorously performed—too vigorously for the poor despoiled peasantry—by the *Landhofmeisterin,* born Von Grävenitz.

Wilhelmina now held complete power in Würtemberg. No edict was issued without her permission. She acquired estate after estate. Thousands of guldens wrung from the people were diverted from their rightful uses.

Stuttgart remained true to the Duchess, whereupon arose a new capital, Ludwigsburg, with its great palace and a charming retreat, "La Favorite," in a neighbouring park.

Years went by, the fair duchy always the deeper in misery and degradation, the Duke living as one enchanted, until one day Eberhard had a royal visitor, Friedrich Wilhelm I of Prussia. The world knows what this prince thought of women, and of men who allowed themselves to be ruled by women. There was one short, sharp talk with the Duke, and the Countess von Wurben's reign was over. The grass grew rankly in Ludwigsburg's streets; their serene highnesses once more held their brilliant court in the old capital. Banishment, arrest, death in obscurity marked the end of one of the most remarkable women of the eighteenth century.

The author would make us believe Wilhelmina "a strong, passionate creature, generous, vital—too responsive to remain unaltered by the alchemising touch of the world. Had she been met with tenderness and purity she might have become a power for good;" on the contrary, she turned out a "queen of wickedness." The discerning reader will not readily agree, but this may be due to the author's method. Wilhelmina does not become a real personage until after her spurious marriage with the Duke; her early life appears but dimly through a well-woven fabric of romance. We have had many recent volumes similar in subject which, although treated by sound historic method, have not failed of genuine popularity. It is to be regretted, therefore, that with so interesting a subject as Wilhelmina von Grävenitz the author, in spite of the undeniable readableness of the volume, should have turned out something that is but little more authoritative than the old-fashioned historical novel. Did not her long search through Würtemberg's archives, those "masses of pages," yield up some living, breathing picture of eighteenth century Germany? Better two pages that would give a certain glimpse of life in old Stuttgart than ten of romantic imaginary incident that would fit as well into Versailles or St. Cloud.

George H. Casamajor.

VI

A. S. M. Hutchinson's "Once Aboard the Lugger"*

The title of this story might lead the reader to expect a tale of Thames watermen in the manner of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. But the author is careful to explain in his "advertisement" the purely general application in the present instance of the "dashing sentiment" expressed in the line of the ballad, "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine." It is, he says, "a generic title for all modern novels, since there is not one of these but in this form or that sets out the pursuit of his mistress by a man or his treatment of her when he has clapped her beneath hatches"—which simply goes to show how little Mr. Bernard Shaw's subversive ideas on this subject of the love-chase have sunk below the surface of life as portrayed in

*Once Aboard the Lugger. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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modern fiction. We change our manners much more readily than our moral commonplaces, and the form of the novel undergoes a hundred variations for a single significant change in the substratum of ideas. Yesterday it was the dry and mathematical method of French fiction that gave the law. To-day there is a concerted return to the rambling and discursive English method, which bears eloquent witness of the origin of the novel in the essay. Mr. Hutchinson has slit his story at intervals and interlarded it with reflections on life as suggested by the course of fictitious events. As, however, he is gifted with sensibility rather than with originality, the reader will quickly acquire the habit of skipping the intercalated passages that seem but a concession to the prevailing fashion which also requires the division of the story into books, as well as into chapters and sections, for all the world like a scientific treatise, and a certain *desinvolture* in the frank treatment of the characters as puppets—a fault to be noted equally in the work of another writer, Mr. Snaith. It is a fault, because it weakens the illusion, and is only to be tolerated in the really philosophic novelist, for whom not merely fiction, but life itself, is fictitious. As I have said, Mr. Hutchinson's forte is to stir our sensibility rather than to excite our intelligence. Hence it is palpably a mistake for him to do anything, or say anything, that lessens our sense of the reality of George and his Mary. Fortunately, they clearly do seem quite real to him, in spite of much affectation and the puppet-idea is a pose that he most frequently forgets to remember. The story is frankly the pursuit of a girl by a man, though it is to be said for the latter, as a contemporary creation, that, if she does not personally conduct the pursuit herself, she does little to impede its progress; and that, while she does not precisely throw herself at her lover's head, fate arranges the *coup de foudre* very satisfactorily by throwing her bodily into his arms from a cab whose steed had stumbled in a London street: "Completely he caught her. About his legs whipped her skirts; against him pressed her panting bosom; his arms—the action was instinctive—locked around her; the adorable perfume of her came on him like a breeze from a violet bed; her very cheek brushed his lips—since the first kiss, it was the nearest thing possible to a kiss." It is in pretty and tender Greuze-like passages like this, painted with a certain freedom combining ideal sentiment and delicate sensuality, that the author excels. There is, in particular, a moonlight balcony scene between another pair of lovers that is charming enough to quote, but that might seem a trifle immodest if not discreetly clad in its context. A note of rather boisterous humour saves a story so exclusively concerned with lighter phases of the dominant passion from any possible mawkishness, but there is sufficient brightness and lightness of touch in the author's treatment of the fantasy of young lovers to free him henceforth from a fear that has here led him to emphasise the purely farcical element beyond taste and reason. The book, which begins bravely with the serious difficulties of an engaging heroine, who is a "mother's help" in the hopeless household of a small city merchant, and of a hero who is a medical student on the bounty of a miserly uncle, degenerates most ungracefully into not too witty or even ingenious extravaganza toward the end. In the theft and pursuit of the orange cat, "Rose of Sharon," the characters, who had won the reader by a certain truth and integrity, become puppets indeed, and, in the case of the hero who adopts this expedient as a means of screwing out of old Mr. Marrapit money dishonestly withheld, a rather cheap and insignificant puppet at that. It is with a sense of regret that one closes a book which opened with much promise, and proceeded for a way with no little incidental fulfilment.

W. A. Bradley.

VII

Montague Glass's "Potash & Perlmutter"*

A many-nationed country like America needs writers who can interpret one race

*Potash & Perlmutter. By Montague Glass. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

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to another, needs especially writers of fiction who can pierce through the crust of alien manners and speech and show the inherent humaneness. Only thus shall come a richer understanding, a quicker socialisation. Hence, in his light-hearted *Potash & Perlmutter* stories, Montague Glass is doing a serious work. For he has seized upon a section of life as yet not articulated through art, a section on the surface sordid and crass, and has so set it forth that it swarms upon us with interest and reality. His method is photographic and phonographic; that is, we get the life just as it stirs daily in the cloak and suit section of New York, and we get it through its own language. However, Mr. Glass is an artist; he is not content with mere literalness; his realism is not mere realism; but there is all through his work an undercurrent of genial warmth, of kindly humour, which rises here and there in the creation of real characters. Potash, Perlmutter, Henry D. Feldman, Sammet Brothers, and a host of others live as really as Pickwick, Becky Sharp or Falstaff. We talk of them as if they were living people. They come to us dripping with faults; they shock us by their manners and their meannesses, by their money-lust and sharp practice; but they grow on us until we accept them as relatives—that is, we see their faults merged into a universal humaneness, a humaneness that we share ourselves. In fact, Mr. Glass has interpreted a certain type of the Jew, and done it successfully.

Needless to say, these stories have large limitations. The area of life covered is small. Mr. Glass has only touched a slight fringe of the race that has produced the Prophets, the founder of Christianity, and such men as Spinoza, Marx, Mendelssohn and Heinrich Heine. His is not the book of the Jew; but a book about certain Jews. Nor is this narrowness made up by depth. When Shakespeare created a group of Scotchmen, as in Macbeth, he did more than make them human: he connected them up with Nature; he showed the divine spaciousness of the human soul; he gave through them a sense of the vastness, the tremendousness of life. He gave depth, as Dickens has given breadth.

This may seem a curious criticism of stories that were probably primarily intended to be entertaining and farcical; but a writer who can create living characters should not be contented with so limited an area; and it is to be hoped that this book is Mr. Glass's *Pickwick Papers* and that he is going on to write a *David Copperfield*—that is, a book rich with the diversities of life, crowded with a varied people, and set on a broad stage.

In the meantime we may thoroughly enjoy *Potash & Perlmutter*. Its humour is unique—not the humour of a wit, like Mr. Dooley—but the humour of characters who are deadly serious and do not know how funny they are. While the reader is laughing, Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter are groaning and turning pale. Especially precious to any one acquainted with German and Yiddish idioms are the quaint foreign phrases that sprinkle the racy speech throughout.

In a few words, then, this book by Mr. Glass is a real transcription of life, it is alive with real people, it is charged with human warmth, it is full of laughable fun and farce, and it is significant in that it interprets one type of American, and in that it promises larger work. The man who wrote this book has it in him to depict life on a larger scale.

James Oppenheim.

VIII

H. G. Wells's "The History of Mr. Polly"*

We first meet Mr. Polly at the crisis of his career, seated on a stile on the outskirts of Foxbourne, gazing gloomily into the dark abyss of the nothingness of everything. Little Mary is the cause of his trouble, Mr. Wells explains in an aside as he introduces the little man, æt. suæ. xxxv: "He suffered from indigestion now nearly every afternoon of his life [after his mid-day dinner], but as he lacked introspection he projected the associated discomfort upon the

*The History of Mr. Polly. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

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world. Drink," continues the author, giving rein to his ruling sociological passion at the expense of the novelist, "drink our teachers will criticise nowadays both as regards quantity and quality, but neither church nor state nor school will raise a warning finger between a man and his hunger and his wife's catering." Need one add that Mr. Polly's own wife was not the least dark shade that floated irritatingly before his eyes in the abyss?

Mr. Polly's acute physical discomfort stirred up his chronic mental indigestion, which was the result of the system of education in vogue among the English lower middle classes. His "schooling" had muddled his mind, and all but killed his sense of beauty and romance, what survived of this having been kept alive by confused, unsystematised, surreptitious reading, ripe and green, in which Shakespeare was elbowed by the penny-dreadful. His starving love of the beautiful found outlet in a strange joy in unfamiliar words, which he deliberately mispronounced, to hide his ignorance, and unwittingly misapplied. His imagination he kept limber with the invention of nicknames and new slang. The mind that, on the spur of the moment, dubbed a British magistrate "the grave and reverend Signor with the palatial Boko" was born to better things than the "gentlemen's outfitting" to which he had been apprenticed when he was fourteen, not from any predilection of his own for that branch of retail trade, but by his father's dictum. And he had a strange habit of suddenly leaving the company he was in with the mysterious words "Lill Dog," by way of lucid explanation.

Mr. Polly muddled through his clerkships as he had muddled through his education. Then he muddled into matrimony and a little shop of his own, for no other reason than that his father's death left him with a few hundred pounds for both ventures. At thirty-five, then, he was keeping his cheap little shop in a street of cheap little shops, whose keepers, educated like himself, succeeded each other in an endless chain of small failures. And Mr. Polly's turn to fail had arrived. He was, in the words of a political economist whom Mr. Wells quotes, "one of those ill-adjusted units that abound in a society that has failed to develop a collective intelligence and a collective will for order, commensurate with its complexities." But the explanation would have meant nothing to Mr. Polly..

He found himself at the bottom of the last blind alley of his meaningless existence, and, goaded by Little Mary, turned from his dismal prospect in life to the contemplation of death. A great calm came over him, for a couple of hours had now elapsed since he had risen from dinner. At the thought of leaving it all, he even began to feel kindly toward his wife. He would provide for her, wherefore his thoughts turned from his life to his fire insurance policy, and thence to a dark spot under the staircase, where excelsior could be saturated with kerosene. He would die on a funeral pyre of his own hated gentlemen's outfittings. "Right O!"

How Mr. Polly came to forget his suicidal intent in the execution of his "arsonical" plan, and how, instead, he became the hero of the great fire that he started, the reader must find out for himself. Awake at last, Mr. Polly saw the great light that Ibsen's heroines have seen: he must live his own life. He deserted his wife—"Lill Dog"—leaving her the insurance money. And good came from lawbreaking, good to Little Mary, good to his muddled, stunted, cowed mind, emancipated at last; good to his wife, good to a delightfully plump old woman who kept a delightfully Dickensian country tavern.

Mr. Wells and Mr. Polly have already been properly reproved by a serious-minded reviewer for their unmoral attitude toward insurance companies and the bonds of matrimony. The socio-economic moral of the fable need not detain us: the wit and wisdom and humour in which it is clothed are a purely literary delight of rare quality.

A. Schade van Westrum.

IX

Owen Johnson's "The Varmint"*

Any one who has read Mr. Johnson's former book of Lawrenceville life, *The*

*The Varmint. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker, Taylor Company.

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Eternal Boy, will fully understand the reviewer's opinion of Mr. Rinky Dink Stover, when he says that that hero's personality reconciles him to the absence of the Prodigious Hickey, who left the school for the good of the school, and because the Head Master thought that there was nothing more that the Lawrenceville curriculum could teach him. Intellectually Stover is far the inferior of the young Napoleon of the earlier book, but in place of the marvellous impish mental agility of his predecessor, this hero presents some very amiable qualities of heart and mind. There were many who read *The Eternal Boy* who, while admiring its humour and dash, condemned it on the ground that it conveyed no moral, or rather that the moral it conveyed was capable of a dangerous interpretation. It was, they contended, a far too alluring glorification of mischievousness. No such charge can be brought against *The Varmint.* Mr. Johnson has learned his lesson. Underneath the cleverness of the narrative are sentiments that are almost Rooseveltian. Speak the truth at whatever cost and you will win the respect of your fellows. The Master who flunks you and seems to be persecuting you may be, at heart, your best friend. Don't be a mollycoddle, tackle hard, and follow the ball. Your enemy of to-day may become your heart brother of to-morrow.

John Humperdink Stover, fifteen years of age, whose career at Miss Wandell's Select Academy for boys and girls had been a tremendous success, for it had ended in a frank confession on Miss Wandell's part that her limited curriculum was inadequate for the abnormal activities of dangerous criminals, goes to Lawrenceville with the idea that he is about to put ginger into the school. He finds, however, a harder task than he had anticipated, and spends some miserable months in Coventry before he begins to see the light. Bit by bit he changes under the influence of the little world that seems so big to him, and the end of the tale finds the abnormally impudent youngster with the extraordinary imagination who on the opening journey from Trenton regaled the Old Roman and the stage driver with a marvellous fiction about his parents' fate and his own criminal achievements, into a sturdy, manly youth, and a leader of his fellows.

Beyond this the reviewer is going to say nothing to indicate the plot. There appear in *The Varmint* most of the same old characters introduced to us in *The Eternal Boy*—the Tennessee Shad, the Triumphant Egg Head, the Waladoo Bird, Gumbo Binks, and Beekstem Hall, Doc McNooder, Cap Kiefer and Flash Condit, and above all, the extraordinary Dennis de Brian, De Boru Finnegan, he of the silver tongue and the inspired pen, first known to fame through the medium of *The Humming Bird.* Then in *The Varmint* there is a wealth of invention that surpasses even that of *The Eternal Boy.* Stover, inveigled by the wily Doc McNooder into purchasing the toilet set the day after his arrival in Lawrenceville, and again outwitted by that young exponent of the Higher Finance in the matter of the Complete Sleep Prolonger, has adequate and poetical revenge when he promotes the First Amateur Dressing Championship of the School. By means of the Kennedy Co-operative Educational Institute and the adroit use of wriggling cars, he baffles for several days no less a personage than the Old Roman. At every turn there is a new manifestation of youthful ingenuity. But in the football game with Andover, where the team that has not been together all season finds itself in the shadow of its own goal posts, and gloriously staves off defeat, there is a deeper and more serious note. Here is a moral and a very sound one, and when all the riotous humour and whimsicality of *The Varmint* have been forgotten, there will remain in the mind the memory of that last valiant stand, and the fact that Stover's touch on the shoulder of his old enemy Tough McCarty, was "almost like an embrace."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

X

"George Meek, Bath Chairman"*

The public has every right to consider *George Meek, Bath Chairman* as an authentic piece of autobiography in view of

*George Meek, Bath Chairman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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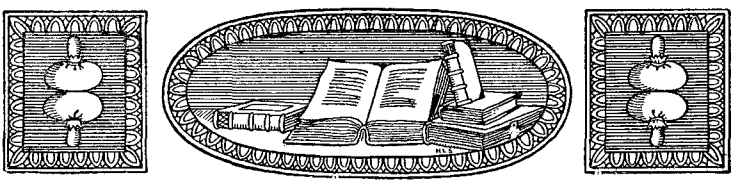
the preface contributed by Mr. H. G. Wells, in which the enthusiastic Socialist hails the chairman as "a very extraordinary man," declares that "he has produced a living work," and puts him "high among the writers of our time," though qualifying that statement by confessing that as a critic he (Mr. Wells) is "rather careless of style and elegance and overcurious, it may be, about life." At all events, he believes in Mr. Meek and the value of his work, and in an extremely entertaining preface describes his interview with the chairman and how he induced him to write the story of his life instead of the work on ethics which he was contemplating.

Mr. Wells's preface leads the reader to hope for one of those books which give us a clear insight into the thoughts and feelings of those whose lines seldom touch ours; books like Mr. Pett Ridge's *By Order of the Magistrate* or that extremely interesting study of London slum life, *The Child of the Jago*. But Mr. Meek has none of the inspiration of the born writer, no natural gift of selection, and he dwells with equal fervour on his bad luck with lodgers and his prison experience, on the rapacity of the chair-owners and his love affair with Ruth.

Meek was born of poor parents, who emigrated to America, leaving him in the care of his grandparents. His father did well in this country, but lost his life in the Brooklyn Theatre fire. Meek was well cared for as long as his grandfather lived, but after his death began the struggle against poverty, which seems to have lasted until the manuscript of his book was accepted. He went to America, where he worked on a cousin's farm and at least had a shelter and plenty to eat, but he returned to England and took up the precarious calling of a bath-chairman, at Eastbourne. The book describes his vicissitudes, his unsuccessful love affairs, his marriage, his political views, and a trip he made in the interests of Socialism through the southeast of England. It was on this occasion that he encountered Mr. Wells, a meeting which resulted in the writing of this work.

Mr. Meek uses astonishingly good English for a man almost without education, but what the book principally impresses upon the reader, next to the terrible hopelessness of poverty in England, is the artless egotism of the writer, the vanity of a man without standards of comparison, who has always been superior to his surroundings. We hear little about his wife except her inability to get work, but he records at length the names of the books he has been reading, his literary preferences and his political views. Mr. Wells seems to think that the new censorship of the libraries will rule out Mr. Meek's book. That may be the case in England, but here it is almost sure to be read and almost equally sure to disappoint the reader.

Mary K. Ford.



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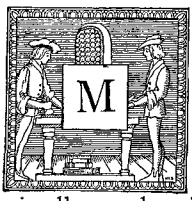
BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS AND BEASTS*



R. DUGMORE'S *Camera Adventures in the African Wilds* is easily the most remarkable and valuable book of the kind ever published. This statement is made advisedly and with knowledge of other feats in animal photography, especially those of Herr C. G. Schillings, the German naturalist, who was virtually the pioneer photographer of African big game, and whose books, showing the results of his efforts, attracted world-wide attention a few years ago.

In reading Mr. Dugmore's modest and straightforward narrative account of his adventures, however, one often pauses to ask whether, as a matter of fact, the results justify the very great risks incurred. Here, to be sure, are the photographs taken from life, often very perfect portraits, and adding much to our knowledge of the great brutes they picture. But it is clear that in getting these pictures Mr. Dugmore and his companion and other members of his party were often in very great danger of being killed outright, or frightfully maimed, by the savage brutes that were being photographed. And the question which must occur to the thoughtful reader is whether, after all, a dozen photographs of a lion or a rhinoceros are worth a human life. The peril which Mr. Dugmore faced would often have been great in any event, but he actually increased it in several instances by adhering to the promises he gave to British officials that he would kill no animals on the national reserves unless forced to do so in self-defence. Living up to the spirit of this promise nearly cost him his life in an adventure with a rhinoceros, whom they came upon unexpectedly at a distance of less than twenty yards, and who promptly and savagely charged the party. As Mr. Dugmore snapped the shutter of his camera and leaped to one side, his companion tried to turn the big brute with a charge of buckshot from a shotgun, then with a 12-bore ball from the other barrel, then fired his revolver into the animal's head as it rushed past him, not six feet away, making straight for the Masai (guide), who bravely stood his ground until the rhino was fairly upon him and then sprang aside and plunged his spear into the animal's flank. Thereupon Mr. Dugmore's companion shot the rhino some more with his revolver, and presumably the beast was kicked at least once or twice, and doubtless would have been poked in the eye with an umbrella had there been one handy. Finally the brute made off, but meanwhile Mr. Dugmore had actually been trying to get another picture of him! On several other occasions Mr. Dugmore was charged by these savage and dangerous animals, and he got one wonderful picture of a rhino coming straight at him, the exposure being made when the brute was only fifteen yards away, when he was turned by a well-placed shot.

The frontispiece is a splendid flashlight photograph of a maned lion, taken when the author and his companion were only twelve yards away; and there are several other night and day pictures of the king of beasts. In one instance, when Mr. Dugmore stole out of his boma to readjust his flashlight, which had missed fire, he saw a lion lying in the grass only a few paces away, watching him. In all, the author got about seventy pictures of twenty-odd different species of African animals, including many fine portraits of lions, giraffes, hippopotami, hyenas and the various African antelope, to say nothing of many photographs of the country which was explored, and of the natives.

Anything that Mr. Job writes about birds is certain to be well worth reading.

*Camera Adventures in the African Wilds. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

How to Study Birds. By Herbert Keightley Job. New York: Outing Publishing Company.

Notes on New England Birds. By Henry D. Thoreau. Arranged and edited by Francis H. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Our Search for a Wilderness: an Account of Two Ornithological Expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw. By Edward Breck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Black Bear. By William H. Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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He dedicates the present volume "To my friends and companions in bird study and all the great and growing army of bird-lovers." He may be sure that this army is much larger and more in earnest withal because of what he has written. Most of his previous books Mr. Job has devoted chiefly to describing and reproducing his remarkable feats in photographing birds. In the present volume sixteen out of nineteen chapters are given up to consideration of the subject indicated by the title—*How to Study the Birds.*

It is impossible within the limit of this brief notice to do more than to indicate the plan and scope of this book, but certain chapters deserve special mention because of their very admirable treatment of the topics which they consider. The chapter on "Identifying Birds," for example, is a model discussion of that complex subject. The chapter on "Where to Find Birds" will also be found very helpful, and in the discussion, "Learning Birds' Songs and Notes," Mr. Job shows his sound common sense by the caution with which he treats that dangerous practice of attempting to render bird calls and songs into words. Such renditions he characterises as "helpful," and that, indeed, is the most that can be said of them. "Bob White" or "More wet" may *suggest* the quail's call, and "tow-hee" the chewink's, and "conk-a-ree" the red-winged blackbird's, but of course no bird's note closely resembles a spoken word. Only when the note has a distinct vowel value (as in the cases of the two last-mentioned birds) can any word be found or coined which at all resembles the note; and then any word containing that vowel stressed will do as well as any other word. And besides, ears seem to be very different in this respect. For example, Mr. Job suggests "ank, ank" for the nuthatch's note, and "jay, jay" for the blue jay's, whereas to the present writer's ear the nuthatch's call has a distinct "r" value, and the vowel in the blue jay's is "e," not "a," at all.

Some of the other chapters in Mr. Job's book are on "The Spring Migration," "The Nesting Season," "The Autumnal Flight," "Knowing the Winter Birds," "How to Find Birds of Prey" and "Bird Study for Schools" (which every teacher should read), besides three chapters on bird-photography—"Camera Hunting and Outfit," "Using the Ordinary Camera," and "Shooting with Reflecting Camera." That Mr. Job is a past-master in bird-photography all who read his books know, and unlike many another expert, he is not at all inclined to conceal any of the tricks of the trade which have made him famous. The illustrations (there are fifty-seven of them) in the present volume include some of the very best work he has ever done. The frontispiece of a pair of adult blue herons on their nest is a veritable triumph in bird-portraiture by this method. The two great birds are shown in full length, and a little behind the other, both looking in the same direction, and with their bills almost parallel. If they had been carefully posed the group could not have been made more effective, while the plumage of each is shown with remarkable detail.

Readers of Thoreau who happen to know something about birds will not expect to find Mr. Allen's compilation a very substantial addition to ornithological literature. Mr. Allen himself is at pains to declare that Thoreau "never became an expert ornithologist" partly because "He was too intent upon becoming and expert analogist," and "It better suited his genius to trace some analogy between the soaring hawk and his own thoughts than to make a scientific study of the bird." All this is pretty clearly demonstrated by Mr. Allen's volume, *Notes on New England Birds,* which represents apparently a thorough canvass of the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's *Journal* and six of his formally prepared works—*A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, Walden, The Maine Woods, Cape Cod, Excursions* and *Miscellanies.* The resulting volume comprises four hundred and forty odd pages, in which about one hundred and forty species of birds are treated specifically or are mentioned in passing. Yet this is actually less than half of the number of species to be found in New England, while probably at least two hundred and fifty species were Thoreau's neighbours or visitors at Walden during the two years he lived there. That a man

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frankly interested in bird-life, and who lived virtually all of his life in the woods —or at least in rural districts—should have come in the end to know less than half of the birds about him, is a remarkable fact. Thousands of amateur observers, who get into the woods only occasionally, can beat that record.

And no less remarkable than this evidence of Thoreau's limited acquaintance with birds, so far as numbers go, are the proofs that his observation of them was sometimes very imperfect. The most extraordinary illustrations of this are the records he made by which he showed that he supposed the hermit thrush and the wood thrush to be the same bird. Evidently he heard the songs of both birds repeatedly, and appreciated their beautiful qualities; yet it is plain that he thought that both were the efforts of one bird. As a matter of fact, there is almost as much difference between the character of the two songs as between the appearance and habits of the birds themselves. Again, we note that it was not until 1852 (according to the *Journal* entry), when he was thirty-five years old, that he first heard the "phœbe note" of the chickadee, which it constantly utters in the spring. Yet he makes many entries about the chickadee, and must have had them as his near and very sociable neighbours at Walden seven years before. There are many examples of this imperfect observation, which is the more remarkable in the light of other instances, which bespeak keen vision and intelligent appreciation of significant characteristics of birds, as, for instance, the faithful and vivid description of the blue heron's appearance and his way of hunting. And, of course, the analogical feature in the text has its value for those who wish to contemplate the spiritual and psychological significance of bird-life. So that Mr. Allen has performed a very real service in presenting this carefully edited and intelligently arranged volume. There are a dozen half-tone illustrations from photographs of birds, taken by Mr. Job, Mr. Baynes and others, which add to the interest of the text.

Mr. and Mrs. Beebe's book, *Our Search for a Wilderness,* is a readable as well as substantial addition to the literature of South American exploration. Mr. Beebe is well and most favourably known not only as curator of ornithology in the New York Zoölogical Park, but as the author of *The Bird, Its Form and Function,* an important contribution to the literature of systematic ornithology, and of other books about birds. The present volume, in the preparation of which, it appears, he has had much intelligent assistance from Mrs. Beebe, is a narrative account of two private expeditions, the first (in 1908) to the cañons north of the Oronoco Delta, and to the country about the Venezuelan Pitch Lake—La Brea; the second (in 1909) to certain gold mines in Central British Guiana and to the savanna region farther south. Though Mr. Beebe is an ornithologist by profession, it is apparent that he and his wife take a very keen interest in all forms of animal life, and in plant life, too. Nor is mere man overlooked. In fact, these pages present a very lively kaleidoscopic view of all the living things that attracted the attention of these two alert and enthusiastic young naturalists. The description of the mangrove jungle—"The Land of a Single Tree"—shows a keen appreciation of the larger aspects of Nature, while the account of the foray of the hunting-ants (quite equal in vividness to Thoreau's famous description of the ant-battle he witnessed), and much similarly minute and clearly recorded natural history, reveal the accurate and painstaking observer. One of the most entertaining chapters in the book is Mrs. Beebe's contribution, "A Woman's Experiences in Venezuela," wherein she shows not only that she is a good observer and a capital *reconteur,* with an abundant sense of humour, but, *mirabile dictu,* that a woman may actually acquire a point of view from which she rather enjoys an unbroken series of races carried on all night by an army of *rats* in the hold of a little vessel on the deck of which she is trying to sleep. There is a profusion of photographic illustrations which heighten the interest and value of the text.

Unlike many books of its kind, Mr. Breck's *Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw* is diluted, rather than adulterated,

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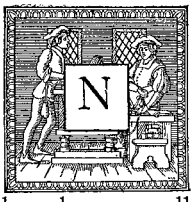
natural history, and the resulting solution will please especially the juvenile taste. In partly narrative, partly descriptive style, he manages to convey much of the essential life history of various interesting mammals and birds—the bear, the flying squirrel, the crow and the raven, the moose, the porcupine, the loon and the beaver, most of whom are introduced as pets in the camp of Uncle Ned Buckshaw, a backwoodsman naturalist. By taking part in the capture and care of these animals, a party of boys and girls learn many of the simpler facts about the hows and whys of their lives. It is a very truthful and convincing portrait that Mr. Breck paints of the two little bears, and their goings-on about camp; and there is much that is instructive, as well as pathetic, in the biography of the captured moose calf. This is a capital book to put into the hands of young people who are going to camp out, for it teaches very effectively how much real pleasure and information one may get from establishing friendly terms with one's wilderness neighbours.

Mr. Wright's book, *The Black Bear,* is an entertaining and informing account of that interesting and thoroughly characteristic American animal, with which, apparently, he is well acquainted. The first half of the book is devoted to a biography of the author's pet bear, Ben, whom he caught as a cub and kept for about four years. It is an intimate and, of course, a sympathetic study, which has its distinct scientific values. The second half of the volume is a consideration of the black bear's habits in its natural state, and includes many interesting comparisons of the animal with the more formidable grizzly, with which Mr. Wright has also a long-standing acquaintance. It is all very instructive and readable natural history.

George Gladden.

THE QUESTION OF EARNESTNESS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



NOT infrequently a new volume by some rather well-known author evokes the casual comment, "So-and-so is beginning to take himself seriously," or "At last he has done a really earnest piece of work." And the curious thing about this sort of comment is that the illogic of it does not seem to strike any one as either humorous or stupid. This is simply one more case of that proneness, which the popular judgment so frequently shows in literary matters, just to miss saying what is really meant. Novelists have as much right to be considered in earnest from the beginning of their career as those who practise the various other arts and crafts. Nor does it make any difference whether a particular writer be realist or romanticist, whether he write a *Tom Jones* or a *Heart of Midlothian* or a topsy-turvy extravaganza like *Valentine Vox*—in any case, he has the right to be considered in earnest so far as his workmanship goes. Even a professional humourist, if he would succeed, must take his humour seriously. Now it would never occur to us to say casually of hard-working Dr. Bones that we are glad to see that he is at last taking serious interest in keeping his patients alive,

*A Life for a Life. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Buried Alive. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Brentano's.
A Motley. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Britz of Headquarters. By Marcin Barber. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.
The Cave-Woman. By Viola Burhans. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
The Education of Jacqueline. By Claire de Pratz. New York: Duffield and Company.
Blaze Derringer. By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
Going Some. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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or that the Reverend Mr. Prayerful has suddenly become zealous in his efforts to save souls. We give them the benefit of the doubt. And of course when we say that such-and-such a novelist has begun to take himself seriously, we do not mean to imply that hitherto he has wantonly been doing half-hearted and unworthy work—in point of fact, we mean something entirely different; and it is worth the trouble to ask ourselves just what it is that we do mean.

Now, although the novel is to-day the most prolific and most widely circulated of all literary forms, there still clings to it a certain vague and scarce admitted taint, a lingering suspicion that it is a frivolous, worldly minded performance at best, the sweetmeats and confectionery of literature. In spite of the fact that such serious thinkers as Meredith and Hardy and Henry James, Zola and Tolstoy, Verga and Valdès have, in our own time, chosen the novel as their vehicle of expression, the popular fallacy still persists that the chief province of fiction is to entertain. Consequently, there is a persistent tendency in the popular mind to differentiate between the novel which is merely a novel and nothing else and the novel which is also a sermon, a tract or a dissertation. When we say "such-and-such a novelist is taking himself seriously," we really mean that he has begun to forget that he is a novelist and is trying to be something else—and the chances are that his writings, regarded as novels, are distinctly inferior to his earlier works. To take a case as nearly analogous as can be found—yet at best the analogy is a bit clumsy—it is as though a famous painter of pure landscape, unrivalled for his power of reproducing sky and sea and distant hill, was suddenly to limit himself to painting the *Man with the Hoe,* and we should say, "Ah, there is a painter who is beginning to take himself seriously!" Yet, as already said, the analogy is not quite complete, because the painter is still within his rights; he is still painting from life, still adhering to a single form of art and not trying to mix two vocations in one. But when a novelist begins, in the popular phrase, "to take himself seriously"—when Charles Reade studies trade unions in *Put Yourself in His Place,* and Mrs. Humphry Ward sets all England quarrelling over articles of faith in *Robert Elsmere,* and Zola tries to give us a new system of economics and a new gospel in *Les Quatres Evangiles*—he is trying to be a novelist plus a reformer; and however much such a book may be enjoyed as a novel, and however much good it may do in the way of reform, it is at best a distorted form of art, a literary monstrosity.

Now these remarks are not intended as a protest against an underlying purpose in fiction. Indeed, a novel lacking any strong central idea is necessarily of minor importance. The mistake that certain authors make—and which curiously enough they often make suddenly in mid career—is in thinking it their duty not merely to set forth existing conditions, but to comment on them, argue about them, revolutionise them. Supposing, for instance, in the heart of a big city like New York there is some frightfully congested district, some pest-hole of poverty and disease and crime; and a certain novelist, having seen this agglomeration of human wretchedness, realises the eloquence of the lesson it has to teach. If he is a writer of any skill, he can surely trust the faithful pictures of his pen to tell their own story—exactly as a visitor with a kodak may trust the fidelity of his lens. But if, instead of picturing what actually is, he proceeds to draw fancy pictures of what that slum will look like six months or a year or half a century hence, under a new and perfected system of hygiene, then he has overstepped the limit of his chosen form of art; he is doing bungling if not actually dishonest work—and the chances are that he has defeated his purpose by boring his readers instead of interesting them. There is no sterner object lesson in the history of the novel than the relative interest of the volumes that make up the collected works of Emile Zola as seen at the present vantage point of nearly a decade since his death. *La Curée, L'Assommoir, La Joie de Vivre, Germinal, La Débâcle*—to name only the more salient volumes—how endlessly one can reread them, not merely without weariness, but with a growing sense of their art and their

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power. But *Fécondité, Travail, Justice*—these were so many *tours de force*, dramatised monographs on medicine and law and economics, marvels of technical construction which all the genius of an intellectual giant could not quite galvanise into real life.

Earnestness, then, is a quality which every novelist should by right be presumed to have; but he should subordinate it to the requirements of his chosen literary form. He should build, if necessary, a stone wall between himself and that insidious and besetting sin of preaching. After all, it shows a curious lack of faith in the average intelligence of the world at large to think them incapable of drawing their own lessons from a frank and honest picture of real life. It would be a very salutary lesson if each writer of fiction should have it borne in upon him that his personal opinion about life is not of the slightest importance to the average reader. Perhaps his heroine tells a lie or his hero drinks one glass of wine too many. The public at large does not care to know whether the author is amused or shocked by these frailties of his own puppets. The public is quite capable of deciding what it thinks without any further help from him.

"A Life for a Life"

The foregoing comments seem to strike the appropriate keynote for a review of Professor Robert Herrick's new volume, *A Life for a Life*. The present writer has followed Professor Herrick's career as a novelist with keen and growing interest ever since the appearance of his first significant piece of work, *The Gospel of Freedom*. Furthermore, it may be said quite confidently that the author of *Together* is easily the most important factor in English fiction to-day on this side of the Atlantic. Therefore, when a friend whose literary acumen is usually trustworthy remarked the other day that *A Life for a Life* was in a distinctly different vein from the author's previous work and that he seemed at last to be really in earnest, it was only natural that one should approach the book with rather sombre misgivings. Here was an author who through twelve years had produced very nearly an annual volume, every one of which had conveyed the impression that he was not merely in earnest but just about as earnest as, humanly speaking, it is possible for an author to be—earnest, that is, in his determination to handle the big truths of life as frankly and sincerely as lay within his power, to satisfy his own conscience regarding what a novel should be, whether the general public liked it or not. He had steeped himself in the theories and methods of the Continental school as opposed to the English and American—that was the real secret of his fearlessness and his strength. If now, for the first time, he had so altered his method that any reader could make the mistake of attributing to him a newborn earnestness, it could mean only one thing: that he had begun to obtrude his own personal opinions—that, to some extent at least, he had lost that purely objective attitude which has always been one of his chief assets. An eager and careful reading of *A Life for a Life* brought, first of all, a sense of sharp relief. The change was less marked than had been feared. A good deal still remained of the old Herrick—certain pages, here and there, of a purely pictorial character, flashed forth impressions of the swarming, turgid life of a modern city with a graphicness almost cruel in its unsparing truth. None the less, when measured quite dispassionately, and the sum total of its plus and minus values honestly taken, *A Life for a Life* must be set down upon the debit side of its author's literary account; in other words, it is a rather audacious, rather splendid failure.

This opinion is not going to be in accord with the general critical verdict. Indeed, it will not be at all surprising if *A Life for a Life* shall be widely hailed as the author's high-water mark. It contains scarcely anything likely to shock those poor, squeamish souls who shrank from the fine honesty of *Together;* it deals with what newspapers like to speak of as "live issues"; and the only fault that can be found with the construction of its closely interwoven plot is that it is just a bit too careful and too symmetrical to be true. What logical ground, it may be asked, can a captious critic find for complaint?

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The answer may be given with the brevity of a telegraphic blank. The whole fault is that of wrong proportion between the dimensions of theme, characters and canvas. What Mr. Herrick has undertaken to do, if we understand his purpose correctly, is to crowd into the limits of a single picture the sum total of those social and economic problems that are to-day responsible for most of our national unrest. It involves problems as wide apart as the curbing of the trusts, the suppression of anarchy, the justification of trade unions, the regulating of the social evil. It covers a vaster field than even *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* for, although that was a problem nation-wide, it at least narrowed down to a single question with but two possible sides. *A Life for a Life* propounds a hundred questions, every one of them with more sides than can be counted. In all modern fiction only one other volume comes to mind so all-embracing in its summing up of modern social conditions, namely, Zola's *Paris;* and that, in title, in structure and in spirit, was limited to the single segment of a nation's life that is enclosed within the limits of one city. One feels in approaching this new volume of Mr. Herrick's something of that awkwardness always experienced in attempting to pick up any rather bulky object that seems to protrude an uncomfortable number of awkward points and corners. Here, however, in an exceedingly brief and ragged abstract, is the substance of it, as nearly as the reviewer has grasped it. Hugh Grant, a foundling, indebted to his foster father even for the name he bears, leaves his country home and yields to the lure of the city. The author never once says that the city is New York, but his local colour fits no other place on the terrestrial globe. The city's wealth and power are symbolised in the person of Alexander Arnold, banker and multi-millionaire, who gives Hugh a chance because Arnold once had known and incidentally cheated out of a fortune the elder Grant. Hugh finds lodgings almost directly under a huge electric advertising sign that perpetually flashes the word "Success" into the eyes of men. Incidentally, he forms a friendship with a man at war with society, whom he knows only as the "Anarch." Also he meets a sweat-shop girl, a certain young Jewess named Minna, and witnesses the hideous accident in which she is maimed for life and driven into what Mr. Kipling has called "the oldest profession in the world." These details sound fragmentary; that is the precise intention with which they are given. Now, Arnold, banker, maker and destroyer of men, likes young Grant and proceeds to "try him out" by sending him West and using him as the tool with which to grab certain vast Western properties, consolidate, amalgamate, play all the tricks of the game, caring nothing for the trail of ruin that the process may leave behind. Hugh, because he is what he is, fails to live up to Arnold's expectations. He is too clean-minded, or has breathed too much clean Western air; or, if you please, as Arnold thinks, is too big a fool to succeed in the modern business struggle. There is just one other complicating factor. Like Polonius, Arnold has a daughter, Alexandra; and like Hamlet, young Grant, despite himself, harps upon her. Like Hamlet, also, when the time comes for him merely to accept the good things of life that are offered to him, he practically tells her, "Get thee to a nunnery" —because to win her means acceptance of the modern economic condition, and to this he cannot bring himself. Mr. Herrick needed some sort of a *deus ex machina,* and he found it by the simple device of transferring the San Francisco earthquake and fire to New York. Pictorially, his presentment of the vast upheaval of a city, the clamour of men and crash of falling buildings, the writhings of massed humanity in their death throes, leaves nothing to be desired. But what one does resent is that nice subservience of chance which obligingly lets all the characters in the book meet each other at the psychic moment in the midst of chaos. Hugh, shaken from bed in the cosmic crash, casually wanders out through the reeling streets, meets Minna, the woman of the gutter, exchanges with her what Homer would have called winged words; moves onward and casually rescues from a mob Arnold's daughter, Alexandra. More winged words, in the course of which she rises to the heights that he once

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demanded of her, and he tells her that it is now too late, since he is a sick man dying of cancer. Still moving through the reeling streets, they reach her father's bank, where she learns that her husband—we forgot to mention she had married her father's partner—lies dead, smothered by the very mechanism provided to protect his wealth. Her father, meanwhile, is speeding eastward in his automobile toward the Brooklyn Bridge, ploughing a juggernaut course through frenzied mobs, when, just on the threshold of safety, the Anarch, who, it seems, is old Arnold's son, arises from the darkness, an avenging nemesis, springs into the machine, turns it and drives himself and his father back into flames to their fate.

As already said, the effect of this synopsis is in a measure fragmentary; and that, in the main, is the fault of the book. You get an effect not of a vast, complex, closely reticulated scheme of society, but of a handful of individuals afloat in some sort of an attenuated social medium, who by some strange law of attraction miraculously meet each other under seemingly impossible circumstances. Picture for a moment the chaos of a vast city overwhelmed by earthquake and fire and storm. A man might go mad at such a time seeking for those whom he loved or hated and could not find. Mr. Herrick simply lost his sense of reality in the latter part of his book. It is a thing he never did before and we hope never will do again. His trouble is symbolism run riot; and furthermore, it is an obscure symbolism that leaves one groping. What, for instance, is the significance of the cancer from which Hugh is dying? Surely, Mr. Herrick does not mean to say that a sane, normal man, *mens sana in corpore sano,* would have been incapable of sacrificing worldly ambition and the woman he loved on the altar of high ideals—yet what other meaning can one extract from it? It does not even serve the feeble purpose of solving a situation, since Hugh's death comes, not from cancer, but from nature's upheaval. And Hugh's cancer is simply an isolated case of a defect which is pervading and fundamental.

Two English novelists already well known in this country, the one for such sterling novels as *The Country House* and *Fraternity*, the other for *An Old Wives' Tale,* are each represented in this month's list of fiction. Mr. Arnold Bennett is the author of a slender little volume that looks as though it might be next of kin to the familiar Tauchnitz Edition of English novels, dear to the heart of Continental travellers. Both Mr. Bennett and his fellow-craftsman, Mr. Galsworthy, have this in common—their two volumes above mentioned, which the general public will treat lightly, are both thoroughly earnest pieces of work. *Buried Alive,* indeed, represents as honest an effort to be humorous as one is likely to run across within the limits of a single generation—and the odd thing about it is that it succeeds in "making good." It is simply the chronicle of a very shy man, who for years has depended upon the services of his valet to save him from contact with the world, and when that valet suddenly dies the master in his first hour of bewilderment seizes eagerly upon the blunder of a strange doctor, who confuses master and man, and allows himself to be declared dead. Now the master happens to be a famous painter, how famous even he has never guessed until he is pronounced dead—and he has the dubious pleasure of reading long obituaries about himself, of following the stormy discussion that ensues as to the proper manner of paying him honour, and finally of attending his own funeral, when the ashes of his valet are laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Such is the opening of an extravaganza which is never tedious, never vulgar, but from beginning to end permeated with that brand of British humour already made familiar to us through the Gilbert and Sullivan librettos.

"Buried Alive"

Mr. Galsworthy's volume is a collection of sketches so fragile that one hesitates to dignify them even with the name of short stories. *A Motley* is the title which he has chosen to designate what is really nothing more nor less than a verbal sketch book, wherein he has drawn with swift, sure strokes all sorts of fugitive impressions made by people and things seen during

"A Motley"

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his daily comings and goings. At one moment it is an unforgettable portrait of an aged crossing-sweeper, twisted and bowed with pain, whose indomitable pride alone keeps him from the almshouse. Again, it is a subtle presentment of a furtive rendezvous at an out-of-door restaurant in Kensington Gardens—a rendezvous that would have meant nothing to the ordinary spectator, but from which Mr. Galsworthy's keener eye interpreted an abundance of the philosophy of life. And still again, there is the flash-light picture that he gives us of a young French marine, seen for an hour in a railway carriage on his way to join his ship, under orders to sail for China. His father is dead, his mother is penniless; and he himself, racked with a stubborn cough, foresees dumbly that he is destined never to come back alive from that deadly Chinese coast. The monotony of his hopeless refrain haunts the reader for days afterward.

> Tell me—his eyes seem to ask, why are these things so? Why have I a mother who depends on me alone when I am being sent away to die? . . . And presently, like a dumb herded beast, patient, mute, carrying his load, he left me at the terminus. But it was long before I lost the memory of his face and of that chant of his, "C'est mé qui est seul à la maison. . . . C'est mé qui a une mère. C'est elle qui n'a pas le sou!"

A Motley is a volume which every young author would do well to study, as a useful exercise in pure technique.

It was to be expected that the crop of summer novels should include a few dealing with the time-honoured theme of stolen jewels; and of these, two volumes seem to be of sufficiently sincere workmanship to warrant a brief mention. *Britz of Headquarters,* by Marcin Barber, is best defined as *The Moonstone* brought up to date. The machinery of the two tales is identical: a priceless gem stolen from a Hindoo temple; a dauntless band of high-caste Brahmins pledged to its recovery; the present owner mysteriously robbed of this gem, of whose earlier history she is ignorant; and a dozen men and women of various callings and social grades brought successively under suspicion. *Britz of Headquarters* is good in so far as it attains that breathlessness of suspense which is the very warp and woof of detective novels. But in one respect it is not quite honest, for it disregards an established law of its class; namely, that the real culprit shall be introduced to the reader early in the story, if not in the opening chapter. In *Britz of Headquarters* we have no reason even to guess the existence of the person who is the actual thief until very near the close of the volume.

"Britz of Headquarters"

There is no such flaw in *The Cave-Woman,* by Viola Burhans, which in order to guard against any misunderstanding is defined in the sub-title as "A Novel of To-day." There have been a number of mysterious thefts of jewels at a certain fashionable summer hotel; and Roger Creighton, star reporter on a leading New York paper, is sent up to get an exclusive story. On the afternoon of his arrival a violent thunder storm causes him to take refuge in a cave; and there in the darkness he encounters a woman, falls into conversation with her, and although he has no idea of her age or her personal appearance, realises at once that life henceforth contains only one serious problem for him, and that is to find her again and identify her. Now in the darkness of the cave it seemed a simple matter to find again the owner of a voice of such inimitable charm; but among the guests of the fashionable summer hotel there are at least three women any one of whom might be the object of his quest. Curiously enough circumstances gradually point to these same three women as the only ones in a position to have stolen the jewels. A clear-sighted reader will probably suspect rather early in the story that the problem to be dealt with is one of kleptomania. But which of the three young women is the culprit, and which is the mysterious cave-woman, keeps us diligently guessing up to the final chapter.

"The Cave-Woman"

The Education of Jacqueline, by Claire de Pratz, may be briefly defined as a clever attempt to contrast the French and English methods of rearing and instruct-

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ing young girls. Madame Réville learns upon the death of her husband that throughout their married life she has counted for nothing; another woman, Madame Ducastel, has for ten years filled his whole heart. For her disillusion and humiliation she blames the conventional system of bringing up a young girl in ignorance; and she vows that her daughter, Jacqueline, shall be better prepared to face the actualities of life. The results of her experiment are interesting. One result and a very natural one is that Jacqueline is incomprehensible to the average young Frenchman—that is why she exposes herself to insult at the hands of Jérome d'Ablis, who is neither better nor worse than others of his class, but simply blunders because he does not understand her type. Oliver Brent, on the other hand, a young Englishman with whom she is lucky enough to become acquainted, understands her admirably because she has been brought up quite after the manner of his own sister; and so the story ends placidly with every promise of domestic happiness. A distinctly clever piece of work with some serious thought behind it.

"The Education of Jacqueline"

Blaze Derringer, by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., may be dismissed quite briefly. A hard-headed and determined young man, imbued with the gambling spirit in big things as well as small, has made a bet with his father that he shall travel around the world for a space of two years and then return bringing back intact the money his father has given him for expenses. The time is nearly up; young Derringer is down almost to his last penny; but providentially he happens to hear that in the South American state of Sylvanlitlan there has been a revolution; that the former president is held in prison and his death delayed only until such time as he may be forced to reveal the hiding-place of his great fortune; that this president has a beautiful daughter, who offers rich rewards to any one who will effect her father's escape. With such material it is easy to imagine the medley of comic-opera situations and soldier-of-fortune bravado that characterise this rather entertaining little tale. At least it succeeds in living up to the promise of its opening chapters—and that is more than can be said of most volumes of this type.

"Blaze Derringer"

Going Some is a piece of narrative farce comedy which Rex Beach has made out of the successful play of the same name, on which he collaborated with Paul Armstrong. The plot is nothing more than a rivalry amounting almost to a feud between the cowboys of the Flying Heart Ranch and those of the Centipede Ranch. The trouble all began over a foot race in which the Centipede Ranch came off victorious and won, among other bets, a gramophone which had long been the pride and delight of the Flying Heart contingent. Night after night Mex and Cloudy and Still Bill Stover walk down to the boundary line and with bitterness in their hearts hear the gramophone droning out their favourite songs for the delight of their enemies. Now, in the midst of these tribulations the owner of the ranch chooses to entertain a large house party of Easterners, and among them is a certain Wally Speed, whose friends out of pure mischief introduce him to the cowboys as a college champion, holding the record as a long-distance runner. The cowboys promptly arrange a new match with the Centipede Ranch and stake their faith on Wally to win back their beloved gramophone. Now, Wally is not only no champion, but he cannot run at all; and when, little by little, this truth leaks out and the cowboys realise that they have been tricked, they decide that this time at least Wally not only can, but has got to run—and what is more, run to win. The fun of the story lies mainly in the enforced training through which Wally is henceforth put, and the final unexpected outcome of the race.

"Going Some"

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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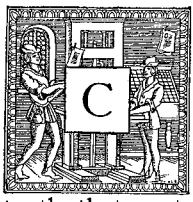
THE TATTLER

ON UNLOCKING POETS' HEARTS



RITICS and poets are enemies. This is the first natural law in the literary world. Of old its truth was no more doubted or contravened than the parallel political truth that certain nations were natural enemies, ordained to be such by their inherent character, their position in the world of nations. It is only in our own soft, effeminate time that any effort has been made to mitigate the inevitable horrors of the state of warfare. A sentimentalist like Mr. Arthur Benson rises to formulate rules for the humanising of war. A critic, he says, should make no statements about his subject which he would not be willing to repeat to the poet's face in a drawing-room. A gentle, innocuous poet like Mr. Alfred Austin cries out when he is hit, and appeals to a board of arbitration. Probably at this moment some cheerful dreamer has in his head a complete scheme for bringing about a general disarmament and a glorious era of universal peace. But though some hardy buccanneer of commerce—a retired writer of "best sellers," say, or editor of the *Ladies' Journal*—should give his millions for the building of a Temple of Peace and the assembling of congresses in which the lion shall sit down with the lamb, the law of nature will not be flouted. Critics and poets will still be enemies.

Like "real" war (than which it is no less real), this warfare is a game, to be played in accordance with certain rules, with its chosen methods and stratagems on either side. Mr. Chesterton has described, in a different connection, a game which he calls Cheating the Prophets. A favourite diversion of the poets might be called Baiting the Critics. Browning was once asked what he had meant by a certain particularly puzzling and obscure line. After scanning it, "I must have meant something by it at the time," he replied, "but for the life of me I can't tell now what it was." Of course his reply was disingenuous; the question showed that the line had served its purpose perfectly. The poet who has not taken his bit of sport in this fashion must have had a dull time of it. This is not the downright hard fighting, the give and take of stout blows, of Byron in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* or of Richard Strauss in *Ein Heldenleben;* even when carried out on a grand scale, as in Chatterton's *Rowley Poems,* it is still in a sort guerilla warfare; but it is war, and war—when a man has red blood in his veins and plenty of ink in his fountain pen—war is fun.

And then the critic retaliates with deadly effect by interpreting the poet. It is a subtle and far-reaching revenge; perhaps a more humane age will find a good reason for proscribing it, as a sort of literary dum-dum bullet. Until that time comes, the score of grievances will on the whole probably stand in favour of the poet. Let but a critic, panoplied in all the deadly accoutrements of his profession, set out to tell us from a poet's works what manner of man he was, there is no limit to be placed to the ingenious cruelty that may be realised. The most innocent slip may be twisted into damning evidence of deliberate purpose; every word stands for a characteristic, every line betrays a personal quality. It is part of the game to start with a Procrustean theory, on which the victim is stretched and racked and lopped until he is a mere unrecognisable mass of human passions and vices and virtues; and then the torturer points his finger proudly in a final chapter and says, "There is the real man."

The greater the name, the greater the game. Shakespeare, one might say, has suffered enough to deserve a rest, what with the abuse of Voltaire and the worship of Coleridge, the dithyrambic praise of Swinburne and the scientific objectivity of Mr. Sydney Lee. The Baconians have snapped and snarled at his heels without appreciable effect. In a reaction from the adoration of the Victorian age,

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Tolstoy and Mr. Bernard Shaw have declared with shocking boldness that he is something less than perfect. If there were ever such a thing as a final word, we might have had it long since. The truth is, however, that Shakespeare's bones will never be decently and permanently buried. His life is near enough to be interesting, far enough away to be attractively hazy, and his poems have enough variety to provide a standing place for any theory.

There are theories enough already in all conscience, yet there is always room for one more with distinctive merits. Welcome, then, Mr. Frank Harris, who enters the fray with a dangerous looking volume fully labelled, *The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story.* Mr. Harris's "interpretation" has more than one distinctive merit. It is the most cocksure of itself, it is the most serious and portentous, and it is by long odds the most amusing ever perpetrated. The whole trouble for Mr. Harris began with those unlucky Sonnets, which Shakespeare must have cursed heartily from the time they were stolen by a printer's devil (see Mr. Lee's *Life*) and surreptitiously printed. They have always been a stumbling-block to the commentators. Wordsworth, praising a poetic form of which he was a master, called the sonnet the key wherewith Shakespeare unlocked his heart. The phrase has served as text for more than one critic, though before Wordsworth wrote it the attempt had already begun to extract the autobiographical essence of the Sonnets.

Mr. Harris applies this text with admirable British thoroughness. His theory and his critical method are ingenuously simple. "It is the life-work of the artist to show himself to us," he says. Then, if you would know Shakespeare, read his plays and poems. But many a man has read them and has still known nothing, or next to it, of the man who wrote them. Here enters the Harris method. Decide in advance what kind of man you choose that Shakespeare shall have been. Take everything in his works literally, unless it fits your purpose better to take a passage figuratively, and you will find plenty of corroboration for your theory. Disregard everything that contradicts it, and when your material gives out, it is always possible to guess. Add all your facts and inferences and guesses together and you will have a product which, if by this time your theory has you strongly enough in its clutch, will look to you something like a man. Label it "the real Shakespeare!"

The result of this procedure, as attained by a stodgy Britisher who fancies himself a literary artist, may be more entertaining than one would anticipate. Starting with Mr. Tyler's well-known identification of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, Mr. Harris maintains that Shakespeare was the victim of a soul-wrecking passion for Mary Fitton, who was the original of Juliet and Portia and Cleopatra and Cressida, and, for aught I know, of Dogberry and the second Grave-digger as well. In character he was an effeminate cad, a roystering toady and parasite who happened to have a gift for lyric poetry. He was not much of a dramatic poet, for Mr. Harris tells us exactly how play after play might have been immensely improved if Shakespeare had not been so eager to display his own weaknesses and vices of character. Curiously enough, Mr. Harris censures these failures of the dramatist, though on his own theory that it is the playwright's business to reveal himself they should receive his highest praise.

But it is in the details on which this theory is built that Mr. Harris is most delightful. Hamlet, he tells us, is the poet's self (so, by the way, are Romeo, Jaques, Biron, Macbeth, Othello, Thersites, Antony, Prospero, and a dozen others); therefore, since Hamlet was "fat and scant of breath," we know that Shakespeare was fat. To the lines—

> O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew

he appends the gloss: "No thin man ever spoke of his flesh in that way." This is admirable, but there is a passage commenting on Hamlet's reproach of his mother which is so characteristic of Mr. Harris at his best that I must quote it as it stands:

> Why did Hamlet hate his mother's lechery? Most men would hardly have condemned it,

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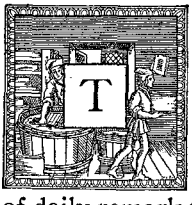
certainly would not have suffered their thoughts to dwell on it beyond the moment; but to Hamlet his mother's faithlessness was horrible, shameful, degrading, simply because Hamlet-Shakespeare had identified her with Miss Fitton, and it was Miss Fitton's faithlessness, it was her deception he was condemning in the bitterest words he could find. . . . If any one can imagine that this is the way a son thinks *of a mother's slip* he is past my persuading.

The italics are mine; the temptation was irresistible.

Enough has been said to illustrate Mr. Harris's method of unlocking a poet's heart. "In this wonderful world of ours," he exclaims, "dramatic writers are sure to live dramatic lives." He has shown us the way to expose these dramatic lives; a way which other critics of the higher sort have employed, but timidly, hesitatingly, where Mr. Harris rushes in confidently. Yet he should look to his laurels. Unless he pre-empts all the available fields, there will be other books beside which his will pale its ineffectual fires. It still remains for some one to prove by this higher criticism that Browning was a brutal libertine, that Swinburne was a huge Berserk, with black brows and the front of Jove himself, and that the author of *Hedda Gabler* was—a new woman.

Ward Clark.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—POET



HE United States has had twenty-six Presidents, of whom just two have been versatile. The marvellous many-sidedness of one of them is still too much a matter of daily remark to call for comment. But comparatively few people are aware that in this respect the "Sage of Monticello" was fully as remarkable as "Bwana Tumbo."

Thomas Jefferson was, in fact, a sort of Virginia edition of Benjamin Franklin. He was a lawyer, a statesman, a farmer, an architect, a naturalist, a scientist, a philosopher, a writer, a musician, an inventor. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, the father of the Democratic party, and the founder of the University of Virginia. He was the first American to introduce threshing machines, and one of the first to import merino sheep. He smuggled the first upland rice ever brought to the United States out of Italy in his pockets, and he invented the mould-board plough, the copying press, and many other devices. He was one of the original advocates of simplified spelling, and he made a collection of Indian vocabularies. In one of the crises of his administration callers at the White House found its floors covered with the bones of mammoths and megatheriums from Big Bone Lick. He was usually ready with an opinion, and generally a very good one, on any subject for any comer. In addition, he played the violin, and he wrote poetry.

But little of his poetry has been preserved, and still less has been published. One of his latest biographers tells us that his poems were "funereal and generally concerned a future life." This is true of those written in his later years, after he had suffered many bereavements. In fact, he seems to have lost his love of poetry almost entirely. In 1801, he wrote to John D. Burke, who had sent him sheets of Joel Barlow's stilted epic, "The Columbiad":

To my own mortification . . . of all men living, I am the last who should undertake to decide as to the merits of poetry. In earlier life I was fond of it, and easily pleased. But as age and care advanced, the powers of fancy have declined. Every year seems to have plucked a feather from her wings, till she can no longer waft one to those sublime heights to which it is necessary to accompany the poet. So much has my relish for poetry deserted

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me, that at present I cannot read even Virgil with pleasure. I am consequently utterly incapable to decide on the merits of poetry. The very feelings to which it is addressed are among those I have lost. So that a blind man might as well undertake to [faded in MS.] a painting, or the deaf a musical composition.

One of Jefferson's "funereal" poems is as follows:

Shores there are, blessed shores for us remain,
And favoured isles with golden fruitage crowned,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze shall medicine every wound.
There the stern tyrant that embitters life
Shall vainly suppliant spread his asking hand;
There shall we view the billow's strife,
Aid the kind breast and waft his boat to land.

However much we may approve the sentiment expressed in these verses, we are compelled to admit that they are not poetry—at least not of a very high order. Yet Jefferson understood metrics, and after his return from France and probably while Secretary of State he wrote for the benefit of a French friend, Monsieur F. J. de Chastellux, a really admirable treatise on the subject, entitled "Thoughts on English Prosody: An Essay on the Art of Poesy." In it he took the now accepted view that accent is the basis of English verse, and vigourously combatted Dr. Johnson and others who "have taken quantity for their basis and have mounted English poetry on Greek and Latin feet."

Doubtless Jefferson had already written "Lovely Peggy," his only poem that has any claims to merit. Of this poem, strange to say, very little is known. Just when, why, or about whom it was written, is uncertain. It must have been done in his violin days, not too long after he scribbled on the fly-leaf of a book that is still in existence:

Jane Nelson is a sweet girl,
Betsy Page is a neat girl,
Rebecca Burwell is the devil;
If not the devil she's one of his imps.

Rebecca Burwell, be it remembered, was one of his early "flames." "Dear Will," he once wrote to a friend, "I have thought of the cleverest plan of life that can be imagined. You exchange your land for Edgehill and I mine for Fairfields. You marry S. P. and I marry R. B., join and get a pole chair, and a keen pair of horses, practise law in the same court, and drive about to all the dames in the country together. How do you like it?" Soon after, he built a "full-rigged flat," which he named *The Rebecca;* but before it was launched the fair charmer jilted him and married Jacquelin Ambler, becoming in time the mother-in-law of Chief Justice Marshall.

"Lovely Peggy" is not given in either Washington's or Ford's editions of Jefferson's writings, and, so far as I have been able to discover, it is not mentioned in a single one of his numerous *Lives.* Neither William E. Curtis nor Thomas Watson, his most recent biographers, had ever heard of it until I called their attention to it. The latter was inclined to question its authenticity until I sent him a facsimile of the original, which is now in the Dreer Collection in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Possibly Jefferson may have merely copied the poem, as Worthington C. Ford, the court of last appeal in such matters, suggests; but if he did, who *was* the author? The poem is as follows:

Once more I'll tune the vocal shell
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell
That burns for lovely Peggy.

Ye greater bards the lyre should hit,
For say what subject is more fit
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn
Does not so much the day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight,
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

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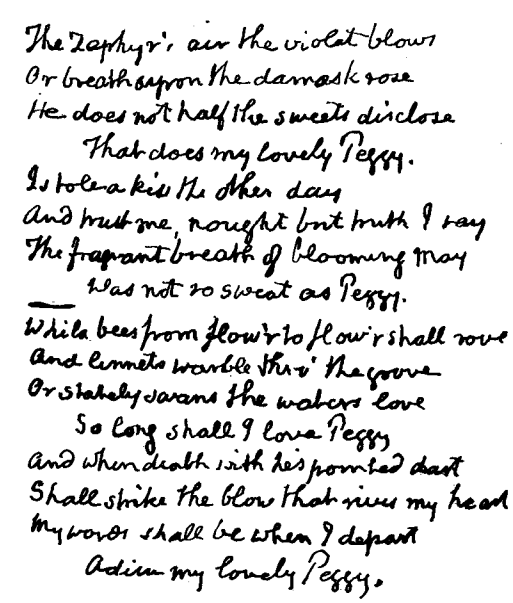


FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF "LOVELY PEGGY"

The Zephyr's air the violet blows
Or breath upon the damask rose—
He does not half the sweets disclose
That does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
So long shall I love Peggy.

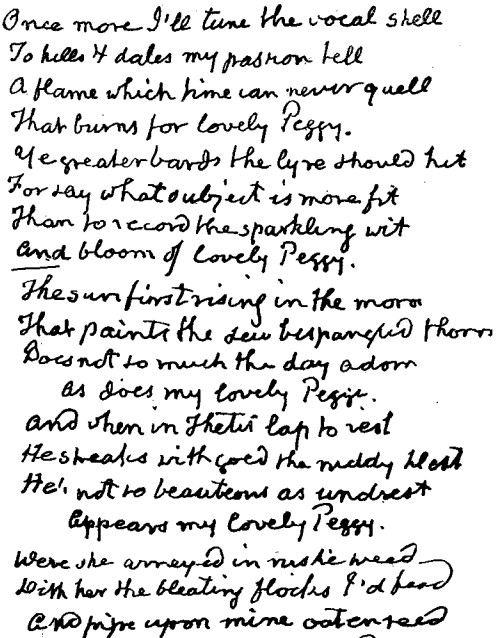
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

Do you know, anywhere, a more delightful little lyric? Perhaps the fourth stanza is a little too *French*, yet, told as it is, who feels like protesting? *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* Thomas Watson says that the poem lacks originality, but who expects originality in a love poem? Besides, "Lovely Peggy" was written more than a century ago, before its phrases had become hackneyed.

Unquestionably the poem owes much of its charm to the metre. This becomes most apparent when the poem is read aloud. Rarely have sound and sense been as happily married. Evidently Paul Leicester Ford, editor of the best edition of Jefferson's writings, recognised its merits, for I feel sure that while writing *Janice Meredith* he took it as his model for "Concerning Thalia." Not only are the metre and most of the rhymes identical, but Ford incorporated some of Jefferson's lines almost entire. Take, for example, Ford's stanza:

To gaze on her is sweet delight;
'Tis heaven whene'er she's in my sight,
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night—
All's dark without my Thalia.

Compare this with the fifth stanza of "Lovely Peggy" and all doubt vanishes. We must not, however, accuse Ford of plagiarism. Rather we should praise his poetic and historical discrimination. He wished to put a poem in the mouth of his



FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF "LOVELY PEGGY"

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hero, and what could be better than to model such a poem after one written by an actual personage in the period in which the romance falls?

So far as I am aware, this is the only surviving proof that Jefferson occasionally imitated his friend George Washington in writing amorous poetry. The death of his beloved wife in 1782 and many other bereavements gave him a bitter knowledge of almost every sorrow that can rive the human heart and killed all the joyous romance of his earlier years. In his old age, however, he wrote at least one other poem. Two days before his death he told his sole surviving child, Mrs. Randolph—a lady whom a famous statesman once toasted as "the noblest woman in Virginia"—that in a certain drawer in an old pocket-book she would find something intended for her. She looked and found the following verses:

A DEATH-BED ADIEU FROM TH. J. TO M. R.

Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are no more;
Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in tears?
I go to my fathers, I welcome the shore
Which crowns all my hopes or which buries my cares.
Then farewell, my dear, my lov'd daughter, adieu!
The last pang of life is in parting from you!
Two seraphs await me long shrouded in death;
I will bear them your love on my last parting breath.

Paul Leland Haworth.

READERS' GUIDE TO NEW BOOKS

ART, DRAMA

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Will Shakespeare of Stratford and London. By Margaret Crosby Munn.

A drama in four acts. The first act begins in 1582 with Shakespeare's early youth at the time of his marriage with Anne Hathaway. The last act closes with the period directly before his return to Stratford from London. The last two acts portray his London life in 1598, and the inner history of his heart as revealed in the sonnets.

John Lane Company:

Portrait Miniatures. Text by Dr. George C. Williamson. Edited by Charles Holme.

Containing a survey of the great period of Miniature Painting from the time of Holbein down to the early part of the last century; illustrated by some of the most important examples (all from private collections), many of which have never hitherto been reproduced. There are about one hundred illustrations, mostly in colours, after works by Hans Holbein, Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, Samuel Cooper, C. Richter, John Smart, Sir George Hayter, and many others. Of special interest are the thirty miniatures from the famous collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Houghton Mifflin Company:

An American Citizen. The Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr. By John Graham Brooks.

A biography of one of the most admirable business men and publicists of recent years. Mr. Brooks considers Mr. Baldwin's relation to railroad development in the West, to the rise of trade unionism, to the negro problem, to tenement house reform, etc.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Björnstjerne Björnson. 1832-1910. By William Morton Payne, LL.D.

Based on an essay which appeared in the *International Quarterly* in March, 1903. Being a summary of Björnson's life and work.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, POLITICS

The Atlanta University Press:

Efforts for Social Betterment Among Negro Americans. Edited by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

Report of a social study made by Atlanta University under the patronage of the trustees of the John F. Slater Fund; together with the proceedings of the 14th Annual Conference for the Study

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of the Negro Problems held at Atlanta University on Tuesday, May 24, 1909.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Psychology of Politics and History. By Rev. J. A. Dewe, M. A.

Intended for the use of the general public, for politicians, for teachers of history ,and as a supplementary textbook of history; suggesting such explanations of historical facts, past and present, as will give unity and cohesion to these facts. It attempts to seek for the last and fundamental causes of the vicissitudes of a nation in the general character of the minds and souls of the individuals constituting the nation, and thereby also seeks to establish certain general principles, often overlooked, that must be followed by every statesman.

(Columbia University):

Social and Mental Traits of the Negro. Research into the Conditions of the Negro Race in Southern Towns. A Study in Race Traits, Tendencies and Prospects. By Howard W. Odum, Ph.D.

In the series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXXVII, No. 3.

The Macmillan Company:

Social Insurance. A Program of Social Reform. By Henry Rogers Seager.

The Kennedy Lectures for 1910, in the School of Philanthropy, conducted by the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York. Professor Seager has devoted practically all his life to the study of social conditions, and in this book he presents in condensed form some of his ideas about the common welfare. The provision and compensation for industrial accidents, illness and premature death, the causes and remedies for unemployment and the provision for old age, are some of the topics considered.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Death and Resurrection. By Gustaf Björklund. Translated from the Swedish by J. E. Fries.

A study from the point of view of the cell-theory.

Oxford University Press (American Branch):

Biological Analogies in History. By Theodore Roosevelt.

The Romanes Lecture, 1910. Delivered before the University of Oxford, June 7, 1910.

Christologies, Ancient and Modern. By William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., LittD.

Consisting of eight lectures and the substance of a University sermon, "The Guiding Principle of Symbolism."

The Pilgrim Press:

Outline Studies of the Growth of the Kingdom of God. By Sidney L. Gulick, D.D., and Edward L. Gulick, M.A.

The purpose of these studies is to point out some of the main steps in the growth of the Kingdom of God in the past, and the main evidences of that growth in the present.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Future of Trades-Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy. By Charles W. Eliot, LL.D.

Being the Larwill Lectures for 1909.

Hygiene and Morality. By Lavania L. Dock, R.N.

A volume that should appeal to all those who are devoting their lives to the cure and prevention of disease, to those theoretically and practically interested in social betterment and in the uplift of the fallen, to legislators, whose co-operation is required in order that the project commended in the volume may be achieved, and to all intelligent students of affairs.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Camp and Camino in Lower California. By Arthur Walbridge North. With Foreword by Admiral Robley D. Evans.

A record of the adventures of the author while exploring Peninsular California, Mexico.

Duffield and Company:

The Cathedral Churches of England. Their Architecture, History and Antiquities, with Bibliography, Itinerary and Glossary. By Helen Marshall Pratt.

A practical handbook for students and travellers. "I have intended," the author writes, "not simply to present anew the array of well-known facts concerning the cathedrals, but to give, as far as possible, some hint of the meaning of each, of the reason why it was built at a particular time, and also something of the personality of those bishops, abbots, deans, priors, canons, royalties, and noble men and women whose names are inseparably connected with the fabric, or who sleep within its walls."

Henry Holt and Company:

In and Out of Florence. A New Introduction to a Well-Known City. By Max Vernon.

Being a guide to Florence and vicinity, to sight-seeing, villa life, etc. Spe-

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cial chapters cover present-day life, streets, shops, etc., rambles in the country and to nearby Tuscan villages. With forty-eight full-page views and about one hundred drawings.

Europe Since 1815. By Charles Downer Hazen.

In the American Historical Series under the general editorship of Charles H. Haskins. The purpose of this work is "the presentation of the history of Europe since the downfall of Napoleon." "I have endeavoured to explain," the author writes, "the internal development of the various nations, and their external relations in so far as these have been vital or deeply formative. I have also attempted to preserve a reasonable balance between the different periods of the century and to avoid the danger of over-emphasis."

The Macmillan Company:

A Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt. By Arthur E. P. Weigall.

Prepared for the use of visitors to the monuments of Upper Egypt, that is, all those situated between Balianeh, the southernmost town of Middle Egypt, and Adendân, the last Egyptian village on this side of the Soudan frontier. Each chapter in this Guide, the author explains, has been written actually in, or in a few cases a stone's throw away from, the temples or tombs therein described.

Pompeii. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Described by W. M. Mackenzie.

In a brief preface Mr. Mackenzie says that what has been aimed at in this volume is "a reconstruction, often necessarily by suggestion or analysis only, of the life of the old town, with sufficient explanation and account of the material to furnish a basis of actuality; or, at least, a general view from different sides of what Pompeii means and gives us. With twenty full-page illustrations in colour.

Lift-Luck on Southern Roads. By Tickner Edwards.

A tale of the author's latest solitary ramble. The journey covers some two hundred odd miles, through fine Southern countries and was conceived on an unusual plan. He went neither on foot, nor by any of the wonted means of conveyance beloved of tourists; neither by motor, nor cycle, phaeton, nor ambling nag. He kept clear of all main roads, and, with two exceptions, the great towns; shunned nearly all guide-book points of interest.

L. C. Page and Company:

Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway. By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins.

An account of a cruise up the James River and some of its tributaries in the craft *Gadabout*. With many interesting bits of history, telling anecdotes and describing scenery. Illustrations are reproductions of photographs taken by the authors.

Published by the Author (Tacoma, Wash.):

The Mountain that Was "God." By John H. Williams.

Concerning the great peak which the Indians called "Tacoma," but which is officially named "Rainier."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Valley of Aosta. A Descriptive and Historical Sketch of an Alpine Valley Noteworthy in Story and in Monument. By Felice Ferrero.

Describing the beautiful Italian valley that runs up into the Alps from a point not far to the north of Turin, and finds an outlet into France on the west, and into Switzerland over the St. Bernard Pass; a spot little known to the American tourist. The text is illustrated throughout.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The American Civil War. By John Formby.

A concise history of its causes, progress, and results. A series of sixty-five maps appear in a separate volume.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia. By A. L. Frothingham, Ph.D.

A picture of ancient Italy and pre-Augustan Rome. For the prehistoric age the author draws on such cities as Norba, Ferentino and Alatri; Etruscan and Umbrian elements are furnished by Perugia, Volterra, Falerii, Tarquinii and Assisi; among less ancient colonies or dependencies, Spoleto, New Falerii and Cosa. The policies of Cæsar and Augustus are illustrated in Italy by the colonies of Spello, Aquino, Rimini, Aosta, Verona, Turin, and in Dalmatia by Salona, Pola, and other ruins of unusual interest.

The John C. Winston Company:

Glimpses Around the World. Through the Eyes of a Young American. By Grace Maxine Stein.

Starting from Chicago, the reader is taken across the continent to the Pacific, and from there follows the leisurely made trip around the world. There are about one hundred and fifty illustrations of scenes along the way.

EDUCATIONAL

The Century Company:

Parliamentary Law. With Forms and Dia-

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gram of Motions. By Nanette P. Paul, LL.B.

Originally privately printed by the author. It has now been taken over by The Century Company; and the new edition has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. Adapted for schoolroom use. It has already been adopted for the public schools of New York City and by the national organisations of several societies. An important feature of the book, which makes it especially valuable pedagogically, is the review questions which accompany the text.

A History of the United States. By S. E. Forman.

A new school history.

Ginn and Company:

What To Do at Recess. By George Ellsworth Johnson.

Considering in turn the needs of the primary, the intermediate, and the grammar school children, both boys and girls. The teacher is told just how to begin, what apparatus to provide, and what games to play.

William R. Jenkins Company:

French for Daily Use. By E. P. and R. F. Prentys. French Revised by Louis Ferdinand Richard.

Comprising conversations for journeying and for daily use in town and country.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Washington, Webster and Lincoln. Edited by Joseph Villiers Denney.

Selections for the college entrance English requirements.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Early Bird. A Business Man's Love Story. By George Randolph Chester.

The hero, Sam Turner, after working hard for a number of years, decides to take a vacation, declaring that he does not intend to talk one syllable of "shop" during the whole two weeks. But Sam's rule of never allowing a good bargain to pass by him keeps him on the alert even up in the northern part of New York, where he goes for the much needed rest, and before the end of his vacation he has put through a number of good deals, and also finds time to fall in love with the attractive Josephine Stevens, whom he meets on the day of his arrival at the summer resort.

Brentano's:

Why Did He Do It? By Bernard Capes.

The theme of the story is the old professor's search for the Alkahest or Philosopher's Stone.

Brown Brothers:

A Dilemma. By Leonidas Andreiyeff.

Described as a story of mental perplexity.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Butterfly Man. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Sedgwick Blynn, the "butterfly" of the story, makes a swift but brilliant flight through the society which he idolises. He is the good-natured young man, always ready to oblige at a moment's notice, and makes for himself rather an envious position in the set in which he has managed to be introduced. In his attempt to keep up appearances and to make a good impression he squanders the small income which his father had left for his mother and sisters, who live very modestly on the outskirts of the city. He also leads his best friends into making rash speculations, out of which he alone makes a profit. He makes love to one débutante after another, the wealthiest always being in highest favour. But his downfall, when it comes, is complete, and he is forever ostracised from his beloved society and is forced, after the death of his mother, to take up life in the little suburban home.

The Running Fight. By William Hamilton Osborne.

Peter Wilkinson, a multi-millionaire, is convicted of misappropriating trust funds and sentenced to a term of ten years in the penitentiary. He has for his attorney young Beekman, who is devoted to his only daughter, Leslie, and who believes at the time that Wilkinson is innocent. While awaiting a new trial Wilkinson and his associates decide that they may need the assistance of someone in high position in the event of the case finally going against them. They, therefore, are influential in having Beekman elected governor, and when the trial ends and Wilkinson goes to the penitentiary Beekman is petitioned for a pardon. In the meantime the young man has more thoroughly investigated the case and has been convinced of Wilkinson's guilt. He refuses the pardon even at the risk of losing the daughter. Wilkinson's men immediately take revenge and succeed in having Beekman disgraced and put out of office. However, after a hard fight, Beekman wins out and also wins Leslie, who has learned the true facts in the case and no longer believes her father innocent.

Duffield and Company:

The Innocent Murderers. By William Johnston and Paul West.

Four college professors, who have

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been secretly watching another professor experimenting with radium, find themselves in a very awkward position when they suddenly come upon the dead body of the scientist and are obliged to dispose of it in some way.

The Emigrant Trail. By Geraldine Bonner.

A tale of Western life at the time of the rush to California in 1848. Dr. Gillispie and his daughter are joined on their way to the coast by David Crystal, who soon falls in love with Susan. She promises to marry this poetical youth, though she is not ardently in love with him. But a more powerful man comes into her life. Low Courant, at first repulsive to Susan, eventually wins her love and admiration through his manliness and strength. Her father, who dies on the way, wanted Susan to promise that she would marry David at once, but this she refused to do. David becomes insanely jealous of the other man. He attacks his rival, and in the struggle is thrown over a cliff. Courant alone knows of this, and even he believes the young man dead, while in reality he is rescued by another party. Susan and Low are married, and together make their way to the "Promised Land."

Harper and Brothers:

Hearts Contending. By Georg Shock.

The scenes are laid in a Pennsylvania valley and the people concerned are Germans. Job Heilig, the head of the family with whose life the story has to do, is a strong, prosperous and just man. He believes that it is his right and duty to regulate the lives of the various members of his family—a wife, a daughter, and three sons. All is peace and harmony until the children rebel. The daughter falls in love and, being refused her father's consent to marry, elopes. One son, studying for the ministry in accordance with his father's wishes, decides that he is not fitted for the pulpit and returns to his home. He falls in love with Bertha, an orphan girl whom his father had taken into their family. The oldest son, who is the head-man at the farm, is also in love with this girl. This brings about a quarrel between the brothers, which results in the death of one.

Snow-fire. By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."

A story of Russian court life. Count Serge Urlansky, of the Russian Chevalier-Garde Regiment, known as the handsomest man in the Russian Army, is in love with a beautiful widow, the Princess Sacha Virianow. The Marquis de Cöetmen, a brother officer and close friend of Count Urlansky, is also in love with the Princess. The Count has been engaged in an intrigue with the Grand-Duchess Daria, a very beautiful woman but many years older than the Count. When she learns of his love for the young Princess she succeeds in having the Count suddenly sent away on a mission to the Caucasus. During his absence she is the means of bringing about a marriage between the Princess Sacha and De Cöetmen.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Education of Uncle Paul. By Algernon Blackwood.

A seemingly crusty bachelor of forty-five is taken in hand by his nephews and nieces and led into the world of children's fancy and sentiment. The volume is dedicated to "All those children between the ages of eight and eighty who led me to 'The Crack'; and have since journeyed with me through it into the land 'Between Yesterday and To-morrow'."

Houghton Mifflin Company:

An Army Mule. By Charles Miner Thompson.

Concerned chiefly with the wedding of Job Bixby, a veteran of the Civil War who lives up to his well-earned reputation for stubbornness. When he arrives at the home of Hannah and discovers that some one has opened his bag and substituted old clothes for his gorgeous wedding apparel and that, what is more serious than all else, the bonds for ten thousand dollars, which he had determined to hand over to Hannah on their wedding day, are missing, he immediately announces, to the consternation of Hannah, the minister and the assembled guests, that he will not marry until he finds the bonds. Hannah declares she will never marry him, but when the practical joke played by two small boys is revealed and the bonds restored, Job goes about and makes all arrangements for the wedding, which takes place in Hannah's home notwithstanding all her efforts to remain firm.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Illustrious Prince. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The Emperor of Japan, suspecting an ulterior motive in the world cruise of the American battleship fleet, despatches his cousin, Prince Maiyo, on a mission to learn the secret if one existed. The Prince arrives in London, is entertained in high circles there and receives considerable attention from some of the women, notably Miss Penelope Morse, an American by birth, but one who had lived most of her life in England. Two murders are committed, both victims being Americans in the diplomatic service.

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All along Prince Maiyo is suspected, and when his guilt has been almost positively established his servant comes forth and confesses to having committed both crimes, thus saving for his country a life which he deems of far more value to it than his own.

An American Baby Abroad. How He Played Cupid to a Kentucky Beauty. By Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson.

When the American baby's mother hurries off from London to Egypt, where her husband is ill with fever, the baby, in company with its coloured nurse and a friend of its mother's, follows more leisurely. They stop at Oberammergau to see the Passion Play, in Rome to witness a special Mass conducted by Pope Leo, and do more or less sight seeing, until they finally reach Cairo, where much more exciting events befall them.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Arch-Satirist. By Frances de Wolfe Fenwick.

The scenes are laid in Montreal. Much sorrow and misery is brought about when a young woman persists in living up to a promise made to a dying mother that she will care for and protect as long as he lives a half-brother who is utterly unworthy of the sacrifices which this promise entails.

The Macaulay Company:

Our Lady of Darkness. By Albert Dorrington and A. G. Stephens.

The plot hinges upon the machinations of a woman through whom Dr. Jean Barradas is banished from Paris, on a false charge, to a convict island in southern seas.

The Game and the Golden Ball. By Elizabeth and Adrian Johnson.

This tale of mystery is concerned with a murder committed in London at a time when a dense fog was hanging over the city.

The Duplicate Death. By A. C. Fox-Davies.

The discovery of the death, supposedly by suicide, of a young girl helps to solve the mystery surrounding another death which took place twenty years before under exactly the same circumstances.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Prince Izon. A Romance of the Grand Canyon. By James Paul Kelly.

A scientist from Mexico, in company with his daughter and niece, start out on a tour of investigation and exploration. The professor's quest is for the remnant of the Aztec race, which he believes settled in one of the valleys of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, when driven out of Mexico. The professor's pet theory is realised, and the city discovered, but not without many wild experiences and narrow escapes for all the members of the party.

A City of Six. By Chauncey L. Canfield.

A California story of the early '50's. The scene is a mining camp named by the six partners, who discovered and worked the mine, "The City of Six."

A Vigilante Girl. By Jerome Harte.

A picture of California in the days when the wild hunt for gold was at its height. The heroine is Diana Wayne, a girl who upholds the Vigilantes in their utter disregard for law and order and in their cruel methods of meting out justice according to their own fancies. Greatly opposed to the Vigilantes is Arthur Alden, a man from the East. These two fall in love, but their differences of opinion on this question of law and order keep them apart for a time. When Alden's life is in danger at the hands of the Vigilantes, Diana denounces the work of this band, and at the risk of her own life rides to the rescue of the man she loves.

The Politician. By Edith Huntington Mason.

The principal character in this story of love and politics is a young man, a New Yorker, who believes that he can best serve the country by entering upon a political career. This he does, and in consequence renounces love for the reason that he firmly believes that a married man in politics must necessarily neglect his wife.

L. C. Page and Company:

Kilmeny of the Orchard. By L. M. Montgomery.

The secluded old apple orchard in which Eric Marshall, a young Canadian, finds the beautiful, though dumb, Kilmeny, is on Prince Edward Island. Eric is the son of a wealthy man and had come to a small village on the island to teach school for a month as a substitute for a sick friend. In one of his rambles he comes upon the old orchard, and hearing strains of music is tempted to investigate. He finds Kilmeny alone playing a violin. At sight of him the girl rushes away. The young man, however, is fascinated by her beauty and loses no time in finding out how he can make her acquaintance.

A Cavalier of Virginia. A Romance. By G. E. Theodore Roberts.

A story of the old chivalric days of Colonial Virginia, although part of the action takes place upon the high seas, and the scene shifts for a short time to England, Spain, and to the unsettled parts of North America.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Master-Girl. By Ashton Hilliers.

A story of prehistoric times, introducing a love affair between a savage man and a savage woman.

A Marriage under the Terror. By Patricia Wentworth.

In the summer of 1792 Aline de Rochambeau leaves a convent to join an aunt in Paris, the Marquise de Montargis and arrives just in time to see her aunt and many friends of this relative arrested as conspirators for the royal family already imprisoned. Left absolutely alone Aline wanders about the streets of Paris and finally secures shelter in the home of a tradeswoman. The girl changes her aristocratic name to Roche, supports herself by her embroidery, and to all appearances becomes one of the people. Jacques Dangeau, a patriot, falls in love with Marie Roche, but she is loyal to her aristocratic name and will not hear of a union. Another woman's jealousy, however, is the cause of bringing Aline to prison, where Dangeau comes to the rescue, and where their marriage takes place in order to save Aline's life. But this by no means ends their perils, and both are only saved from the guillotine when the cry goes forth that Robespierre has fallen.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Letters to Sanchia Upon Things as They Are. Extracted from the Correspondence of Mr. John Maxwell Senhouse. By Maurice Hewlett.

The letters of John Maxwell Senhouse to Sanchia Percival, extracted, with the necessary matter of explanation, from Mr. Hewlett's "Open Country."

The Taming of Red Butte Western. By Francis Lynde.

The Red Butte Western is a railroad in the Southwest. When the owners decide to do away with the long prevailing lawless conditions on the road they choose a young engineer to go out there and do the "taming." Having failed hopelessly on one memorable occasion to display any manly courage, he believes himself to be a physical coward and consequently wholly unfit for the task. He confesses this feeling to the vice-president of the road, but this fails to shake the official's confidence in the young man. He has a hard struggle against lawlessness, strikes, collisions, wrecks and bloodshed, but wins out and proves beyond a doubt that he is possessed of no small amount of physical and moral courage.

The Angel of Lonesome Hill. A Story of a President. By Frederick Landis.

A pathetic little story in which the main characters are an old man and his wife, who live on "Lonesome Hill." Their son is wrongfully convicted of a crime, and the old man makes a long and tiresome journey to Washington in order to seek from the President a pardon for their boy.

MEMORIAL EDITION

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Fulfillment. By Alice P. Raphael.

The heroine is an ardent, brilliant, and high-spirited girl, who soon after her marriage to a titled Russian finds herself at odds with a husband of narrow prejudices and limited views. The interest of the story centres in her audacious plan of escape from her unhappiness, the strange experiences that result, and her final conclusions regarding the obligations of a wife to her husband and society.

JUVENILE

George H. Doran Company:

Fair America. By Katharine R. Crowell.

A history of America for young people. Miss Crowell tells of the opportunity of a people in a new country—of their achievements and of the liberty which is the reward of this and succeeding generations. Apart from the story itself, a series of map-charts give a pictorial history of advance from 1513 to 1910.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Prince and His Ants. (Ciondolino.) By Vamba (Luigi Bertelli). Translated from the Fourth Italian Edition by S. F. Woodruff and Edited by Vernon L. Kellogg.

The story of a boy who became an ant and had many thrilling adventures with other ants and wasps and bees, and of his sister, who became a butterfly. Illustrated with eight coloured full-page plates and numerous vignettes.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

The Airship Boys Due North; or, By Balloon to the Pole. By H. L. Sayler.

The third volume in the Airship Boys Series. The story is laid in a vast, new field above northwest Alaska with the great McKenzie country stretching to the south and east.

MISCELLANEOUS

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Highways of Progress. By James J. Hill.

These studies in applied economics aim "to erect here and there, along the road the nation travels, certain sign-

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boards where the ways diverge and mark them, 'Highways of Progress'." The first chapter, "The Nation's Future," indicates the scope and outline of the work.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Good of Life and Other Little Essays. De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis. By William Cleaver Wilkinson.

Consisting of fifty-six "little essays." Some of the titles are as follows: "Good Word for Book Agents"; "Hating as a Duty"; "From the Genesee to the Hudson in a Buggy"; "The Favouritism of History"; "The Feud with Food"; "The Folly of Being Sorry"; "A Feat of Forgetting"; "A True Story of a Famous Speech."

Henry Holt and Company:

Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens. By Helen R. Albec.

American Nature Series. Group IV. Working with Nature. A personal record, illustrated by photographs, of the author's success in assembling within a limited area the choice variety of hardy shrubs, annuals, and perennials, so arranged as to give a succession of bloom of pure colour in each bed. With a list giving manner of growth, height, time of blooming, exact colour, special requirements of soil and moisture, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Dogs and Men. By Henry C. Merwin.

An essay on the character of dogs, the result of close observation for many years. Their sense of humour, their family life, their courtesy, their knowledge of right and wrong, their unfailing love for men, and many other intimate traits are commented on and illustrated by anecdotes.

The Macmillan Company:

Wage-Earning Women. By Annie Marion MacLean, Ph.D.

The author has here incorporated the results of an investigation which she conducted (with a corps of twenty-nine assistants) into the lives and environments of over 135,000 women and the conditions governing 400 establishments. Of these about one-half were located in New York and Chicago and the remainder in different parts of the country, chosen because they were typical of the section: New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Oregon and California are among the States included.

Fruit-Growing in Arid Regions. By Wendell Paddock and Orville B. Whipple.

An account of approved fruit-growing practices in the inter-mountain country of the Western United States, comprising the States of Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and in Northern Arizona and New Mexico, with applications to adjacent regions.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Wife of Altemont. Hunt. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Diary of a Daly Debutante. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. Confessions of a Barbarian. Viereck. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.
3. The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The New Baedeker. Peck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Intrusions of Jimmy. Wodehouse. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.
3. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Huckleberry Finn. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Aeroplane Series. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Professional Aunt. Wemyss. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Franklin Winslow Kane. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. The Beast. Lindsey. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Marion Harland's Autobiography. Harper.) $2.00.
4. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. John and Betty's History Visits. Williamson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Little Miss Fales. Knife. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. South American Fights and Fighters. Brady. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Intrusions of Jimmy. Wodehouse. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The American Baby Abroad. Crewdson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Intrusions of Jimmy. Wodehouse. (Watts.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zeuner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. French Edition. $1.00.
3. Modern Religious Problems. Vernon. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.
4. The Principles of Pragmatism. Bowden. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Knights of X-B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Glory of the Conquered. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. French Edition. $1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Caverns of Dawn. Voorhees. (Raidebaugh-Voorhees.) $1.25.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Elizabethan People. Stephenson. (Holt.) $2.00.
2. Recollections Varied Life. Eggleston. (Holt.) $2.75.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Aeroplane Boys. Laman. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.
3. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Thief of Virtue. Phillpotts. (Lane.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Oberammergau Passion Play. Short. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. L'Oiseau Bleu. Maeterlinck. (Int. News Co.) 85c.
3. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Huckleberry Finn. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. Recreations of a Sportsman. Holden. (Putnam.) $2.00.
3. Idols of Education. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

Juveniles

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50
3. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Danbury Rodd. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Sally Bishop. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. On the Branch. Coulerain. (Dutton.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. Three Weeks in Europe. Higginbotham. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. Preventable Diseases. Hutchinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

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4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Running Fight. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Marriage as a Trade. Hamilton. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.
3. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. Curiosities of the Sky. Serviss. (Harper.) $1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Annapolis Plebe. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oscar Wilde Poems.
2. Scientific American Handbook of Travel. Hopkins. (Munro.) $2.00.
3. Italian Days and Ways. Wharton. (Lippincott.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mark Twain's Writings. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Castlemon Series. (Burt.) 75c.
3. Motor Boy Series. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Air Ship Boys Due North. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.
2. Marion Harland's Autobiography. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Science of Happiness. Williams. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Rival Pitchers. Chadwick. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu. Williams. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. History of the Confederate War. Eggleston. (Sturgis & Walton.) $4.00.
3. Egypt. Loti. (Duffield.) $2.50.
4. Thackeray. Chesterton. (Macmillan.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

No report.

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fiction

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Dazzling Miss Davidson. Warden. (Fly.) $1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Gay Lord Waring. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Why Worry? Walter. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. The Ideal Garden. Thomas. (Cassell.) $2.00.
3. Golf. Whitlach. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. T. R. in Cartoon. Gros. (Saalfield.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Stories of the Great West. Roosevelt. (Century Co.) 60c.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Ship Dwellers. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The American Public Library. Bostwick. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Little Knight of the X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Boys of Brookfield Academy. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Early Rhode Island. Weeden. (Grafton Press.) $2.50.
2. Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Bird Guide. Part 2. Reed. (Reed.) 75c.
4. Auction Bridge. Badsworth. (Putnam.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ware. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Every Day Business for Women. Wilbur. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Picturesque St. Lawrence. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Dethronement of the City Boss. Hamilton. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.
4. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.60.

Juveniles

1. Won in the Ninth. Mathewson. (Bodmer.) $1.25.
2. Eyes and No Eyes. Buckley. (Cassell.) $1.25.

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3. John and Betty's History Visit. Williamson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. A Study of the Drama. Mathews. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Friendship Outstays. (Dodge Pub. Co.) 50c.

Juveniles

1. Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
3. Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.
3. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Rover Boys Books. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. Motor Boys Books. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
3. Marjorie Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Highways of Progress. Hill. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. Touching Second. Evers and Fullerton. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
4. The Fresh Air Book. Mueller. (Stokes.) 85c.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Big Brother of Saben Street. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Kings in Exile. Roberts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50c.
2. Idols of Education. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
3. History of S. F. Stock Exchange. King. (King.) $2.00.
4. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) $1.

Juveniles

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Going Some. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Lass of the Silver Sword. Du Bois. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Pickles. Aldin. (Doran.) $2.00.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Black Bear. Wright. (Scribner.) $1.00.
2. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Ben, the Black Bear. Wright. (Scribner.) 60c.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Lincoln's Cook Book. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
4. Emerson's Essays. (McKay.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
3. Motor Boat Club Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) 60c.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Letters from a Father to His Son. Swain. (Yale Pub. Assn.) 35c.
4. Letters to My Son. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	274
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan. $1.50	232
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	201
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	156
5. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50	146
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50	87

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